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THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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The

Cresset

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IN THE JUNE CRESSET - - -

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Man in Space

ON THE MORNING Commander Alan B. Shepard, Jr., made his lonely sub-orbital flight into space, the offciant at our campus chapel service offered prayers of thanks for his safe return and the congregation joined in singing the common doxology. There was good reason for thanksgiving, for if the prestige of the United States means anything at all, its meaning is to be found in the contribution which it can make to peace with justice and freedom. And a very large chunk of this prestige was riding with Commander Shepard on his journey up into space and down again. Had his mission turned out to be anything less than the unqualified success that it was we should now be looking like fools or worse in the eyes of the world.

We look bad enough as it is. Nothing that we can do will ever cancel out the fact that it was a Russian, Major Yuri Gagarin, who made the first orbital space flight. We may, and surely will, matcht his exploit, but it is hard to see how we could top it; unless, of course, we should be the first nation to land a man on the moon and bring him safely back again.

We have neither the temperament nor the training to appreciate the apparent urgency of our winning the "race for space." We take it on the word of people who are supposed to be competent to judge such matters that our national prestige is involved, that there are important defense considerations, that space travel provides the key to unlocking a great many scientific mysteries, and that Major Gagarin and Commander Shepard are the Columbuses of a new age which will bring changes even more revolutionary than those which followed the discoveries of the early sixteenth century. Assuming that these judgments are correct, we are more than willing to give our space program all of the support that it needs in terms of taxes and applause, of prayers and of thanksgivings for its successes.

Meanwhile, though, our personal preoccupations are still with this planet where men still die of starvation, where "we have just enough religion to make us hate but not enough to make us love one another," where men are still persecuted because of accidents of race or ancestry, where law and order are still ideals rather than realities, where professing Christians still spend more on mouthwashes than they spend on the evangelization of the heathen, where billions live and die without hope and without God in the world. We admire those who have the vision and courage to want to venture onto other worlds and if it is their calling to do so we wish them God's blessing. But for us, "one world at a time," and we shall be more than content if we can have some part in hastening the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

The Lioness and Her Cubs

This month, more so than ever before in our recollection, the pages of *The Cresset* reflect the far-ranging nature of the battle in which the Church of the twentieth century is engaged against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. It is a battle which is being waged by tough young scholars such as Dr. Pelikan against those who, on the one hand, arrogantly insist that the Church has nothing to say to the world of learning and those who, on the other, just as arrogantly insist that the world of learning has nothing to say to the Church. It is a battle which is being fought by young and inexperienced saints such as Vicar Fackler who bears in his body the marks of his Lord's encounter with human hate. It is the battle which is being fought by men and women who love music and art and literature and the theatre against a new barbarism which, in its preoccupation with tools of destruction, would relegate all of man's humane interests to the dust-bin of the inconsequential. It is the battle which some of the wisest and gentlest saints in our age are waging on be-

half of a sense of humor, i.e., a sense of proportion, in an age which measures every idea and every word by the yardstick of their utility in a world power struggle. The writer to the Hebrews describes the saints as those "of whom the world was not worthy." There are those dark, distressing moments when one is tempted to say that they are those of whom the modern institutional church, preoccupied as it is with gimmicks and gadgets, is equally unworthy. But then the shocking truth comes filtering through that it was the poor rag-tag, bobtailed Church of the twentieth century that whelped these young lions — somewhat, perhaps, to its own amazement — and that continues to nourish and sustain them. And so, whatever else may be said about the church, it must be said that Spirit is still in it, and that this Spirit is no less vigorous than it was in the first century or the sixteenth century or the nineteenth century.

And it is just because those who know the Church have some vague perception of what she can be and is at her best that they can become so impatient with her in her mediocrity, so bitter against her at her worst. The bitterness is sin and calls for repentance, but there is in it at least a germ of the love without which it could not exist. The impatience too, perhaps, is sin, but how much patience can be reasonably expected of any man who sees the church bogged down in sideshows while men go starving for the Bread of Life?

The vigor and friskiness of her cubs is the best evidence that the old lion still has a roar or two left in her. But who will prod her off her haunches?

Lessons From a Fiasco

In this "era opened by mistake" (Ogden Nash), any given day's news has only a very short run on the front page. It may therefore be that by the time these remarks get into print, the Cuban fiasco will have been forgotten. We Americans have a remarkable talent for forgetting what we do not want to remember, and the abortive invasion of Cuba is certainly something that most of us would probably prefer to forget.

It would be unfortunate if we did so, for if that comedy of errors is to have any meaning for us we must face up to three unpleasant facts which it highlighted.

The first of these facts is that our sister republics in the Western Hemisphere and the new nations of Africa and Asia would rather perish by their own hand than be saved by outside intervention. We can argue with this attitude, deplore it, or condemn it, but there seems to be little likelihood that we can change it. If, in defense of the interests of the United States, we feel compelled to intervene in the affairs of another nation, we must be prepared to accept the charge of aggression, however great the provocation may have been and however evil the regime which we attempt to bring down. Many a government which has no love for Dr. Castro denounced what they believed to be our intervention in Cuba because they saw in it a precedent which might someday be invoked against their own country.

The second of these facts is that the Cubans themselves, having jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, are not interested in escaping the fire simply by jumping back into the frying-pan. The Castro regime has in it many of the elements of the demonic, but Satan is capable of transforming himself into an angel of light, and certain long-overdue social reforms have been accomplished under the Castro dictatorship. It is not likely that the Cubans will respond to a call to arms which is sounded by spokesmen for the economic Bourbons who for so long oppressed them. Not every anti-Communist is a democrat and not every opponent of Dr. Castro has a social conscience. A weasel may attack a wolf at the chicken-house door, but that does not mean that the chickens are going to take sides in the struggle.

The third of these facts is that we are going to have to keep an eye on our own War Hawks. We Americans are not used to being frustrated and it is never difficult, when frustrations arise, to whip up a demand for action. We admire the line plunge, the fast draw, the go-for-broke wager. But we are not playing football or cowboy-and-Indians or poker. We are walking a tightrope and every step carries with it the risk of disaster. There is enough of the old Teddy Roosevelt spirit in us that we enjoy fantasizing about moving in with guns blazing and bugles blowing, but in our more sober moments we remember that Rome once found the general it needed in Cincinnatus Cunctator ("the Delayer") who, despite persistent pleas that he make the Grand Gesture, went deliberately — and ultimately successfully — about the business of eroding the strength of her enemies.

A Courageous and Pertinent Statement

From a group of "Christian ministers and colleagues serving at the University of California at Berkeley" we have receive "A Statement on the May, 1960, Demonstrations Against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, and on the Film 'Operation Abolition!' " One of the signers of this statement is a man whom we know well personally and for whom we have the highest respect as a Christian, a minister of Christ, a responsible citizen, and an effective enemy of Communism. Since we have had several requests for comment on the film, "Operation Abolition," which deals with a student protest against hearings by the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, we shall try to summarize the conclusions which were arrived at by the Christian ministers at Berkeley.

With respect to the film itself, they state their conviction that "truth has been distorted in the film 'Operation Abolition.' " But then the ministers go on to say some very courageous and, we think, very pertinent things about the issues which prompted the student protest and about the conduct of the House Un-American Activities Committee. We hope that we will not

distort the comments which this Statement makes by attempting to digest them:

1. "No committee, group or individual has the right to determine the content of loyalty to the nation. We are alarmed that certain groups attempt to define the full nature of loyalty and the doctrines to which one must adhere to be 'American'."

2. " . . . it is commonly accepted that persons merely subpoenaed by the Committee are automatically 'Un-American.' The Committee fosters such beliefs. We urge instead that questions of guilt be decided by proper courts of law, and not by public opinion or by improper legislative investigation."

3. "We believe that it is the irresponsible use of the investigative power by the HUAC, and not the investigation of communism itself, which has led to overt hostility toward the Committee. It is the real purpose of the subpoena to collect necessary information rather than to expose witnesses to public calumny."

4. "We cannot relinquish our aspirations for peace, freedom, and brotherhood simply because the communists use these same words. We cannot be frightened away from political responsibility and action on certain issues because we might be associating with 'undesirable' persons."

5. "Some persons in fighting communism sow seeds of dissension, fear, and distrust, and hence weaken the bulwarks of freedom. Such activity, like communism itself, is an insidious subversion of liberty."

6. "The film and, we believe, the HUAC sow seeds of distrust and fear; let us instead seek to love and be reconciled to our neighbor through establishing justice in the land and through recognizing the equal rights of all men before the law."

It might get us a subpoena, but we see nothing in this statement to which any American, conscious and proud of his country's heritage of freedom, would refuse to subscribe. Our agreement with its conclusions, and our loyalty to the concepts of political freedom which these conclusions reflect, will also serve to explain why we consider the John Birch Society an ally, rather than an enemy, of the international Communist conspiracy.

Fact and Fantasy

From a number of good people we have heard the same comment on the Eichmann trial: "Can you imagine things like that [Eichmann's slaughter of the Jews] happening in the twentieth century?"

The only possible answer to that question is, of course: "No. One doesn't have to imagine facts. One has only to accept them." And this we seem curiously reluctant to do. Confronted by the fact that the twentieth century up to this point has been the bloodiest era in the whole long history of man, we still manage to imagine that two world wars, innumerable purges, the wholesale slaughter of Jews, the oppression of racial minorities in our own and other countries, the transformation of our cities into jungles of terror, and the whole sorry procession of police actions and brush wars are somehow exceptions to a general pattern of peace on earth and good will toward man.

Perhaps it is only this remarkable capacity for self-deception that permits us to live on in this century and retain some measure of sanity. But chronic self-deception is, in itself, a symptom of insanity in rational man, and a generation which has to practice it to survive may not be long for this world. Certainly it can not be looking at itself and its times in the bright, clear light of eternity.

Who, after all, is Eichmann? He is the super-nationalist who believes in his country, right or wrong; the good soldier who doesn't question orders but merely carries them out; the organization man who doesn't make policy but merely implements it; the trouble-shooter who doesn't ask why a thing should be done but sees to it that it done gets. He is the man in the bar who has this story about Izzy and Ike; the racist who can explain all of our difficulties in terms of an international Jewish conspiracy with its headquarters in Brussels; the religious bigot who sees our Lord's brethren according to the flesh as "Christ-killers," forgetting that two of the three ecumenical creeds place responsibility for His death upon the Gentile Pontius Pilate. Eichmann's name is Legion, for he is many, and not every Eichmann is sitting in the dock in Jerusalem.

There is much to be said for the twentieth century — so much that, had we been given the choice, we would not have chosen to be born in any other century. Two of our three children would not have survived the first year of life if they had been born even fifty years ago. Our own life has been vastly enriched by all that science and technology have done to release man from the tyranny of provincialism and drudgery. But in man himself — and this we know from probings into the recesses of our own heart — there has been no essential change from what he was in the days of Noah; and the self-deception that prevents us from seeing in Eichmann ourselves writ large is a form of that madness which descends upon those whom the gods would destroy.

The GE Affair

We had not intended to say any more about the price-fixing case which resulted in prison terms for a number of electrical company executives, but when a business leader of the stature of Henry Ford II finds in the case an occasion for lecturing the business community on its morals, and when the Kefauver committee develops directly contradictory testimony from officials of the General Electric Company, it seems appropriate to take another look at the case.

College people are often accused of being anti-business. In what has, by now, become a wide circle of acquaintances on many college campuses, we have not found this to be true. The work of the scholar and teacher in our country has traditionally been under-

written by the church, by business, and by government. It must be frankly and regretfully stated that labor unions, with one or two exceptions, have done little to encourage or support the educational enterprise on any level, least of all the college level. Business, on the other hand – partly for simple economic reasons but partly also out of an intelligent and responsible concern for the public welfare – has been very generous, both with the time of its leaders and with grants out of its profits, to our schools and colleges.

The electrical companies, and especially General Electric, have been especially generous in support of education on the college level. The difficulties into which the company has got itself in the price-fixing case are not, therefore, an occasion for rejoicing among "pinko" professors but the unhappy exposure of a situation which concerned people on campuses have been expecting for some time and against which they had attempted to warn the industries involved. It would now seem to be in order to warn the individuals involved in these cases against trying to recoup the situation by perjury.

It is unfortunate that people so often do not know who their real friends are. Certain business interests and groups have, for a long time, interpreted every criticism from the campus as an attack upon the free-enterprise system, a slam at business, and another salvo in some kind of academic plot to create a Marxian economy. This is ridiculous, of course. Man for man, there is probably not a more conservative – not to say reactionary – lot on earth than the typical college faculty. It is easier to change the law of the Medes and the Persians than to amend a faculty regulation, and if there is anything that the typical full professor does not hanker for it is an egalitarian society in which, among other things, the faculty might march in alphabetical order, rather than in order of rank.

People are most capable of seeing in others the faults which afflict themselves ("it takes a junkie to know a junkie"), and perhaps just for that reason the business community ought to listen most carefully to criticisms which are directed to it from the campus. At the present time, this criticism would be couched in a warning against allowing business to become the preserve of what Riesmann calls the "other-directed" man, the man who takes his morality from the society around him, rather than from his own conscience or the tenets of his religion. This warning may, by now, be unnecessary for the lower-echelon executives who got caught in the price-fixing scandal and have paid the price in jail terms and loss of jobs. We are not satisfied that the attitude, the "tone," of the corporations for which these men worked has undergone any basic change. And therefore we join Mr. Ford in his expression of concern that the business community put its house in order before others come in and do it for it.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

DO WE THINK before we repeat the old bromides of our faith? I heard someone say recently: "It is difficult for any man to accept the fact that we are sinners before God." That's not true. There are very very few people who will state that they are faultless. And even those people will condition their statement, when pressed.

Any man will admit that he is a sinner. He will also say that he does more good things than bad things. Or that he had good reason for sinning, someone else's evil pressed him into it. Or that he is not as bad as most of the people he knows. It is not hard for a man to admit that he is a sinner. It is very hard for a man to admit that he is forgiven. The law is not hard to accept. We can be comfortable with the law. The Pharisees and the publicans alike look at that part of the law which leaves them comfortable, or re-write the law to make them comfortable. As long as we are talking about "good and bad," about "sin and virtue," we can hold our heads high. With our sins, we have our virtues.

But the Gospel is hard to accept. You cannot be comfortable with the Gospel. In the Gospel, God says: "Your sins do not count. I do not hold them against you." Then my good deeds do not count either. He doesn't hold them in my favor. When He takes away my sins, He takes away my virtues, also. In the Gospel, God says: "You need not give me reasons why you sinned. I don't count your sins. They are forgiven." But then I have no excuse for my bad deeds, I cannot turn them into good. I cannot defend myself before a God who forgives. In the Gospel, God says: "It's all right if others are worse than you. I have forgiven them, too. You are all forgiven." Then I am no better than the worst. I cannot look down on anyone. There is no difference between me and the publican and the prostitute.

It is not the law that has cut me down. It is the Gospel of forgiveness. It is not the law that causes me trouble. It is the Gospel of God's love in Christ. It is not the law that I stumble on, but the Christ who was crucified. He took on Himself the sins of the world, and He said to me: "It makes no difference, you are forgiven. Come to Me with your sins, and I will give you rest."

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Civic Friendliness

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

"WELCOME TO MUDVILLE, the Friendly City." Almost half of the cities in this country have planted signs at their city limits which testify to the friendliness of their inhabitants. I suspect that most of these signs are erected by the merchants who hope you will spend a few dollars, on your way through town, in the relaxed and friendly atmosphere of their stores. I don't know what makes one city seem more friendly than another, but I do know it takes more than a sign put up by the Chamber of Commerce.

One of the contributing factors to civic friendliness is time. It takes time to speak to a stranger or demonstrate other signs of friendliness, which is why the residents of Southern cities with their slower tempo seem much more friendly than the hurrying inhabitants of cities north of the Mason-Dixon line. The Southerner is more than happy to direct you if you are lost; he will recommend the best local sights or the best restaurants; and he will help you spend time in small talk if you give him half a chance.

Small towns normally seem friendly, not only because of their slower tempo, but also because they know a stranger when they see one. In a town small enough so that all residents know one another, a stranger sticks out and, furthermore, he is a subject of curiosity. In the average small town it is easier to get into a conversation than it is to get out of one.

Knowing whether a person is a stranger or not can save a lot of embarrassment, and this is why the small towns have the advantage. Those of you who belong to large congregations with a number of services on Sunday will understand this, for you have probably had the experience of greeting someone you thought was a stranger only to find out that he had been a member of the congregation ten years longer than you but normally attended a different service.

How unfriendly and impersonal a city can be was demonstrated to me a number of years ago when I was shopping in Saks Fifth Avenue in New York. The store was warm and I was wearing my belted topcoat open as I browsed around trying to get ideas. Deciding to go to an upper floor I entered the elevator, the last one on because a crowd of women had preceded me. The elevator doors closed in the center right in front of my face. We stopped at the second floor but the operator could not open the doors and only when a floor walker came over to help did we discover that the belt of my topcoat had wrapped around the two doors and was holding them together. After a brief and violent struggle I got the belt loose and darted out at the second floor, though I wanted to go to the fourth, but I couldn't take the mutters of the women passengers, some of whom had reached the verge of hysteria.

I walked through the upper floors for about 45 minutes and I got the impression that New Yorkers were becoming more friendly because many smiled at me.

It was on the fifth floor that another floor walker came over and said, "Bud, have you looked in a mirror recently?" He led me to a mirror on a nearby counter and the sight was frightening. My face was almost completely black, because, unknowingly, in pulling my belt loose from the elevator doors I had gotten a handful of dark grease, and had spread it over my face as I pondered gift suggestions, holding my chin, rubbing my forehead, and sort of squeezing my eyes in contemplation.

No wonder they smiled. But the point is that hundreds of persons, clerks or customers, could have told me what was going on, but no one did until after I had been the center of attraction for forty-five minutes.

On the other hand, I have found individual New Yorkers to be as friendly as folks anywhere when you give them the opportunity. A few words to a bell hop, a bus driver, or to the man having a cup of coffee next to you, and out comes a torrent of conversation, once he has decided you are not some kind of nut or gypsy out to "bless" his money.

If you want to find out how friendly a place is, smile occasionally as you walk along the streets of a large city. It's a pleasant pastime and one with unusual results. I have tried it, waiting until the person is about ten feet in front of me and then producing a smile directly at him (Note the "him"; I don't try it on women since I have no desire to be hit on the head with a purse). What happens next is either heart-warming or amusing. Some persons are so delighted to see a smile, they almost light up. Others, hardened or embarrassed, turn their heads and fumble for a cigarette, and still others are so surprised that if there is anything nearby to stumble over they manage to do it.

This leads me to believe that how friendly a city is depends mostly on you. If your mood is glum this will be mirrored in the faces of those you meet, but if your expression is friendly, you'll get a friendly response.

A Portrait of The Christian As A Young Intellectual*

By Jaroslav J. Pelikan

ONCE UPON A TIME – and a very good time it was – being an intellectual meant being a Christian. These words, with apologies to James Joyce, describe a situation that exists no longer. By the judgment of many, being an intellectual today means being anything but a Christian – a judgment in which, for strange reasons, the fanatical secularist and the fanatical sectarian concur. We have met here this morning because we believe that this judgment is wrong. This university strives for academic excellence because of, not in spite of, its loyalty to the Christian faith. The church and the university need each other, for neither without the other can fulfill its high vocation. Indeed, I suspect that neither without the other can be trusted, and therefore I pledge my allegiance to both. An institution that is pledged to both, to Academe and to the Cross, must give special attention to the dilemma of the Christian intellectual, the not-so-simple believer, the child of God who has left the kindergarten. When the gimmick replaces the *Geist,* even on the campus; when piety is identified with sentiment and the ethic of the kingdom of God with conformity – then it is time to paint the portrait of the Christian intellectual for all to see.

"Each generation," said G. K. Chesterton, "seeks its saint by instinct; and he is not what the people want, but rather what the people need." What the people want today is not the Christian intellectual, whom both the church and the world repudiate; but that may well be what the people need. For without the cultivation of the life of the mind, the church betrays its own great tradition, the very tradition in whose name the church often suspects the life of the mind. The task of the Christian university is, therefore, to call the church back to its tradition. On this Whitmonday, standing between the feast of Pentecost and the feast of the Holy Trinity, I want to summarize three principal features of that tradition. In keeping with the celebration of Trinity Sunday, I shall call these features: a passion for being; a reverence for language; and an enthusiasm for history. This Trinitarian portrait characterizes the Christian intellectual and the education in which he participates.

A Passion for Being

The Christian intellectual has a passion for being. He believes that by the power of the God who has created and goes on creating all things new every day, all things have an essential goodness, impervious to any destructive force. Sometimes, I fear, our preoccupation with sin, guilt, and forgiveness has obscured this passion for being in Christian thought. We have so emphasized the corruption of all creation through the Fall that its continuing derivation from God and dependence upon God could no longer be recognized. For centuries, until Petrarca climbed the mountain, Christian thought neglected the goodness of all created being; although John Calvin lived in Geneva for more than half his life, he rarely if ever mentions the Alps in his sermons and books. But if we really mean it when we confess in the Credo that God is "Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible," then we need to remember the struggle of the early church to assert and defend this confession against those who identified sin with the material world. The trouble with the world, so they maintained, is that it is made of stuff, which is intrinsically evil. In opposition to this the Christian faith declares that the material world is intrinsically good, encrusted though it may be with the scabs of sin and evil. Because it is intrinsically good, we ought to love it as God's good creation. As a Christian doxology confessed almost a century ago:

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
> It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
> It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
> Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
> Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
> And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
> And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
> Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
>
> And for all this, nature is never spent;
> There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
> And though the last lights off the black West went
> Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs–
> Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
> World broods with warm breast and with ah! bringt wings.

The first quality of the Christian intellectual, then, is such a passion for being. Perhaps the greatest Christian intellectual of them all, St. Augustine, said (if you will pardon a little Latin) that *esse qua esse bonum est,* "being is good simply because it is being." The material world, because it is God's good world, is invested with His holiness and is the object of His continuing love. Fallen and bent it is, but there is still "the dearest freshness deep down things." More even than his fellow-believers, the Christian intellectual is one who recognizes this freshness and loves the stuff of the uni-

*A commencement address delivered at Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio, on June 6, 1960.

verse not as a substitute for, but as a corollary of, his love for God. This passion for being has become, if not any easier, then certainly more profound in our time because of the achievements and discoveries of the natural sciences. Since we are still recalling the centennial of Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species,* the embarrassment of many Christian intellectuals with the natural sciences deserves mention. They have found themselves and their faith threatened by the picture of the universe that came from telescope and microscope. In part at least, the cause of this embarrassment was the extravagance of some natural scientists, who strayed into theology as often as the theologians strayed into science.

Today the chastening of the past century has produced greater sobriety on all sides; and on campuses like this one Christian thought is beginning to reappraise its picture of creation and to discover that the size and the age of the world are no threat to a mature Christian worship of the Ancient of Days. With this reappraisal is beginning to come a deeper and more passionate love of the created universe, not as the object of man's exploitation but as the bearer and arena of God's grace. Certainly there is in the Christian view of creation an imperative that forbids man to pollute the atmosphere with the garbage of his thermonuclear orgies and thus to change forever the genetics of the beaver and the sea anemone. To love God is to love what God loves, and to love it with passion and zeal. The Christian intellectual is charged with the responsibility of exemplifying this passion for being in his life and thought, so that men may look up from their gadgets and peer beyond their billboards to view the grandeur of God. For if the Christian intellectual neglects this responsibility, God will have to turn, as he has turned so often, to the Nicodemuses in His hidden church, who will do in secret what His disciples are afraid to do in public.

The Reverence for Language

It is, I fear, the Nicodemuses of the hidden church who often preserve the second feature of the Christian intellectual as well, the reverence for language. Yet the Christian cause depends upon language, and without it the life of the church would be impossible. I do not pretend to know why Johnny can't read; but I do know that if enough Johnnies can't read, Christian faith and thought as we know them will end. Pardon me for a personal reference. Today I, a theologian, am becoming a Doctor of Letters of this university. My gratitude for this honor is matched by my conviction that "letters," that is, the careful use and discrimination of language, is one of the theologian's primary responsibilities. In fact, much of the history of theology, which is the special area of my research and writing, is the history of words — the origin of theological words, often outside the Christian tradition; the application of these words to Christian revelation and their consequent refinement and clarification; the distortion of words by popular superstition. Thus the critics of theology are right when they describe it as a conflict over "mere words."

But there is nothing "mere" about words, and it is the task of the Christian intellectual to insist upon this. When the God of the universe, the Lord of heaven and earth, chose to make Himself known to men, He spoke to them through the prophets; and when the early Christians sought to describe what God had done to them and for them through Jesus, they called Jesus the *Logos,* the Word and Mind of God. The Christian intellectual knows, therefore, that man's capacity for speech lies somewhere near the center of his uniqueness. Both the misery and the grandeur of humanity are bound up with the gift of language. The serpent *spoke* to Eve in the garden; God *spoke* to Moses on the mountain. And ever since then the temptations and the revelations of man have come through language. They still do. Hence a reverence for what language can do if it is used properly and a horror of what language can do if it is misused belong to the equipment of the educated man. Hear one educated man, E. B. White, who also incarnates the chastity of English prose style, giving voice to this reverence and horror: "Muddiness is not merely a disturber of prose; it is a destroyer of life, of hope: death on the highway caused by a badly worded roadsign, heartbreak among lovers caused by a misplaced phrase in a well-intentioned letter, anguish of a traveler expecting to be met at a railroad station and not being met because of a slipshod telegram" — and, let the theologian add, betrayal of the faith once handed down to the saints by careless or deliberate ambiguity in the language of theology or devotion.

Unless the books and journals that cross my desk are unrepresentative samples, I fear that this virtue of reverence for language is not important in the moral theology of the American churches. At times I am tempted to paraphrase St. Paul and to say that there are three fundamental virtues — faith, hope, and clarity — and that the greatest of these is clarity. As the church and the school imitate advertising and government in debasing the mother tongue, the church school must be one place of refuge where a reverence for language and a chastity of style still prevail. In the so-called Dark Ages, which were not as dark as the textbooks say but were dark enough, lack of communication brought on the breakdown of language and the impoverishment of culture. In our age, by contrast, the very growth of communication is bringing on the same results. An industry that spawns sights and sounds from 7:00 a.m. to midnight seven days a week is understandably impatient with the nuances of conjunctions or with the discrimination of English synonyms. Recent best-seller lists suggest that the publishing of books in the United States, while growing rapidly, may be becoming a satellite of television, to which one title after another

owes its success. Perhaps, like the Irish monasteries of that earlier age, the Christian college may quietly cultivate the humanistic disciplines until their hour strikes again. Perhaps a generation that learns Russian on account of the sputniks may go on to read Dostoevsky in his own language. If we wait long enough, the poignancy of the human situation may persuade someone to take another look at the language of Sophocles, Aeschylus, Plato, and Paul.

But one language at a time, and clarity begins at home. I can think of no service more important for our culture than the growth of a reverence for language. Sins against syntax are often funny, but sometimes they are serious. Abraham Lincoln, Winston Churchill, Adolf Hitler, and Charles de Gaulle all prove that language does not merely describe action; it is action, and sometimes the only action equal to the despair or the glory of the hour. In the beginning was the Word: the capacity for words is still the point at which God contacts man, still the point at which the devil finds man most vulnerable. If you carry away from your courses in literature and language no more than an awe for the fearful potentialities of human speech and a zeal to make that awe a light of your life in home, church, and community, this university has served you well. A Christian intellectual is not necessarily one who has read all the Great Books on the lists compiled at the University of Chicago, though he could do worse in his reading and probably will. But a Christian intellectual is one whose reading and writing, speaking and listening, are informed by a reverence for language as the divine gift for which the ancient hymn for Whitsunday extols the Holy Spirit:

True promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with speech endow.

An Enthusiasm for History

To the passion for being and the reverence for language a third feature of the Christian intellectual must be added if our portrait is to be accurate: an enthusiasm for history. The history of philosophy shows that a passion for being has often been accompanied by a horror of becoming. The processes of change have seemed to corrode reality, and the infinite variety among individuals seemed to threaten the unity of all things in God. The Christian interpretation of God's activity in the world has never been satisfied with a passion for being; it has always felt obliged to come to terms with becoming, with change, with process, with variety. And therefore the Christian doctrine of God requires the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, for He is the Agent of change and the Ground of variety. There are many dispensations, but there is only one Spirit. Much of what Jesus was and did in the days of His flesh remained obscure to the disciples until the Spirit came to teach them all things and to bring all things to their remembrance. The Spirit still operates in the history of the people of God, opening up ever new opportunities and creating ever new variety while remaining one and the selfsame Spirit.

To be open to the activity of the Spirit, unpredictable though it is; to be appreciative of the variety of the Spirit, distressing though this often is to our preconceived notions; to be heedful of the leading of the Spirit in the church, novel though this continues to be — that is the enthusiasm for history which marks the Christian intellectual. Here, too, so-called secular studies, those of the social sciences, have made available new insights into the variety and the change in human history. Instead of panicking at these insights and trying to evade them, as much of Christian thought has done, we need to recognize their validity and their limits as guides to human thought and behavior. What if these insights shake our stereotypes of what men are or puncture our cliches about how men act! The activity of the Holy Spirit has proved itself throughout history to be plastic enough for any such insights. An enthusiasm for His activity in its infinte variety and underlying unity permits us to do justice to all that present-day study can tell us about human personality and human society. It gives us the courage to work for improvement in society, and the wisdom to recognize just how limited any such improvement is. It releases us from the anxieties about saving ourselves that poison the minds and lives of so many; and it gives us the serenity to face every change, including our own eventual death, with dignity and faith.

A passion for being; a reverence for language; an enthusiasm for history: by this time you are probably wondering which, if any, of these features can be discerned in your graduation picture, and whether your graduation picture is a portrait of the Christian as a young intellectual. It is, I hope, even though (please pardon the pun) it may still be undeveloped and unenlarged; for the responsibility of this university is only for the exposure. As your parents, professors, and friends pray that the benediction of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, may descend upon you and abide with you, we pray as well that you may grow in the virtues of the Christian intellectual: a passion for being because the Father is the Creator and Source of all being; a reverence for language because Jesus Christ is the Word and Mind of the Father; an enthusiasm for history because the Holy Spirit works through history to produce variety and to unite all men in Himself. To this end may God grant us all His grace.

Bicycliana

By J. E. Saveson
Associate Professor of English
Valparaiso University

SOMEWHERE AMONG my souvenirs is a polite letter I received in 1951 as I was about to board a freighter in the port of New Orleans, a small note neatly typed on a half sheet of paper by an unknown in the offices of the Cambridge constabulary asking me as an about-to-be Cambridge student and, therefore, as an about-to-be cyclist, to observe due caution in the handling of my vehicle. I was warned that traffic accidents in the Cambridge streets had multiplied in recent years. I was admonished to see to it that my vehicle was always in first-rate condition with respect to brakes and headlamps. I was pleaded with not to run down pedestrians in the zebra crossings. Finally, the note aimed its appeal at me whether I planned to move along on a bicycle or a tricycle.

I didn't understand the letter at all. It conjured up in my mind a picture of a drove of bicycles followed at a distance by a troop of midgets mounted on tricycles — all in pursuit through the boulevards, the parks, and birdle paths of downtown Cambridge of a herd of zebras maintained by the city fathers as a diversion for the students. And through my vision also, back and forth, ran frantic Cantabrigians with anxious faces who had been caught up unluckily in a zebra hunt. Since my municipal experiences, as I was aware, were limited, for the most part, to the prosaic main streets of half a dozen Midwest towns, I was inclined to be credulous and to wonder whether the letter could be true. But then I considered my broader war experiences in the cities of the West Coast and in Honolulu and Manila, in which westerly places I had seen nothing more exotic than an escaped pig, and decided the letter was a hoax. The English know that foreigners, emancipated from the usual restraints of home life, are apt to be intractable when abroad, I reasoned; and the Cambridge police are trying to intimidate me from the beginning by a stern though politely worded piece of nonsense. I was familiar with the device from my tour of duty in the United States Navy. "You needn't have been so concerned," I chuckled to myself in a patronizing way, "You'll find I'm a decent lad and thoroughly civilized even when abroad."

And I took amused satisfaction in reflecting on how wrong the Cambridge constabulary was in thinking that I was small enough to ride a tricycle and how wrong it was in thinking that I had any interest whatever in mounting a bicycle at my age. I had turned my back firmly on the bicycle when I was fourteen. It had been an unfortunate year. The winds that winter as they raged at will over the flat fields around Columbus, Ohio, often were of gale proportions. I hated wind with a peculiar intensity; and that winter increased my dislike, for every Saturday I was sent on my bicycle to attend catechetical class in a small village with the improbable name of Gahanna, three miles out. What pulled me through the storm was the thought that after the catechetical class, the wind would blow me home. But it never did. In the course of the hour it always perversely veered round and pushed at me from the other direction.

The *coup de grace* was given my cycling career in the spring when, with a gallon of milk suspended from my handlebars, I ran into the back of a parked automobile. In those Depression years my family was much given to practicing small economies; one my mother delighted in was buying milk from farmers in the country. She got it that way, I remember, for twenty-five cents a gallon. Of course, she was put to the expense of a metal container, but she soon recouped that loss by having me fetch the milk. She didn't have to use gasoline. But that impact with the parked automobile not only showered the back of the automobile, the bicycle, and me with milk but also demolished the front wheel and bent the frame past repair; and no plan for buying cheap milk could overshadow the expense of another machine.

There Are the Bicycles

How incorrect all my musings and reflections were. I saw at a glance, descending, clad in a pea jacket from the taxi before I entered the portal of the Royal Hotel, that traffic in Cambridge was not automobile traffic at all, as I had been conditioned to expect; rather King's Parade was filled from kerb to kerb with undergraduates on bicycles, their short black gowns spreading out behind them like the wings of a bat or like the sails of some ancient and very dirty Phoenician ship. Sometime later during my stay in Cambridge, undergraduates in Girton — one of the two women's colleges, whose ugly brick buildings by design were laid out in the eighties, outside Cambridge, three miles from the nearest men's colleges — told me that if you anchored your gown firmly to seat and thighs and spread your limbs, and if the wind were right, you could sail from Castle Hill to Girton Village without lifting a leg. Cambridge gowns have many uses, and the number of their uses increases with age — as raincoats, as overcoats, as handkerchiefs — the list is endless, but I digress.

Somehow it had never occurred to me, formed as I had been in such unmounted places as Denison and

the University of Chicago, that every townsman and every Cambridge undergraduate and research student and every Cambridge don rode a bicycle and that if one were none of these but was instead a hoary ancient or a young lady who had no sense of balance and had been certified "accident-prone" by the Cambridge police, he or she rode a large, black, very stable tricycle. And later I discovered yet another class of persons who rode tricycles. A fellow research student, one almost as poor as I was, in order to save postage, one day walked out to Histon Village to deliver a letter of complaint to a carpenter who had repaired in her lodgings a window she had thrown a book through. On the village common the only person she found was a large, sleepy-looking woman from whom she inquired the carpenter's address. The woman waved in the direction of the nearest cottage and said, running the words together, "Just drop it in the slot, dearie." Weeks later the letter came back undelivered with twice what would have been the original postage due. "I might have suspected something when I saw that woman sitting on a tricycle," murmurred my colleague, clenching her fingers. "She was the village idiot."

And There Are the Zebras

I was wrong too in my imaginings concerning the city fathers and Cambridge zebras. Several times on our way from the station, the taxi driver ground to a halt before some white slanted lines painted on the street, across which people on foot were unconcernedly picking their way. "Zebra crossings," the driver tossed back over his shoulder in answer to my inquiry, his tone implying that everyone in the wide, wide world except a few stupid Americans and a scattering of inhabitants of the remoter parts of Ceylon knew what they were. From the viewpoint of the pedestrian, zebra crossings are a delight. Under the watchful eye of the Cambridge constabulary he can wander in them as serenely as in the meadows of the Cam. But to the cyclist they are an infernal nuisance. The lecture rooms of the university of Cambridge are spread all over the collegiate section of the town; and between lectures it may seem to the passing tourist that the entire university plays a city-wide game of musical chairs. Undergraduates hurtle from one end of the colleges to the other to get to a new lecture on time. And the whole phalanx, sometimes half a block long, grinds to a halt every time a pedestrian puts a casual foot into a zebra crossing. Many an old Cantabrigian has a bit of bone missing from his shin or has a slipped disc dating from the time when he stopped suddenly and the man on the bicycle behind crashed into his pedal or climbed upon his fender.

And there are other instances in which the bicycle mounts the man. A student of philosophy of my acquaintance, with an abstract air and tardy reflexes, once careened into the back of an automobile that had come to a sudden stop at a zebra crossing. The automobile was scarcely scratched, but the crash snapped all the spokes in my acquaintance's wheel and bent his rim back to the axle so that the bicycle couldn't even be pushed. He told this story to a group of Englishmen and me. The English lead lives which are so regular, so well ordered, and, on the whole, so drab that they have a perfect passion for small bits of unexpected color in other people's lives. "Whatever did you do?" they asked breathlessly. "Well," said my acquaintance in his north-country accents, "since I was already five minutes late for a talk I was to give to the Priestley Society, and since I couldn't push the bloody bicycle, I picked up the bloody bicycle and slung it over me shoulder."

I was wrong too, finally, in thinking that my cycling days were over at the age of fourteen. I discovered that you couldn't move in Cambridge without a bicycle. The bus service was spotty and sporadic and slow and never got you anywhere on time or anywhere you wanted to go, not to mention the fact that it filled your pockets with change in large pennies and ha'pennies, which were in the scrupulous English fashion fully worth, even when worn, their weight in copper. A car wouldn't take you through the narrow passageways around the Senate House and by Great St. Mary's and wouldn't take you the back way through the hedged-in, bird-haunted, flower-scented lane on the north side of the university library or down the crocus-bordered footpaths to the college bridges over the Cam. If you wanted to sally out into the countryside to Byron's Pool or to the haunt of the miller in Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale* at Trumpington, bus and car were irreverent, whereas a bicycle seemed to slip more appropriately into the scheme of things. And, lastly, if you tried to go about the city on foot, you couldn't outrun the inevitable showers.

The Three-Pound 'Cycle

Thus one day, having just come out of Count Prizaborsky's barber saloon, where haircuts could be had from the "former hairdresser to the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Court" for seventeen cents American money instead of twenty-one, I noticed next door a large car and cycle repair and new and used bicycle shop. The grimy owner and I haggled mildly for some time over kinds and prices of bikes. The stock of bicycles in Cambridge is fairly constant, and most of them change hands every three years. As a result, since the supply has been built up over a period of years, there is a certain diversity and choice. Some cycles feel like feathers under you and may give the rider an impression of being winged. Others seem to have been cast in a solid lump of pig iron, are mulish, and drag you to your feet on Castle Hill. Some which date from the first World War and before are of a size between the modern and the high-wheeled pedicycles of the late nineteenth century. These large vintage machines are especially prized by white students from the dominions.

Owning one is a little like owning an antique automobile and in some degree satisfies the craving for all things English and old that fills minds fresh from the wastes of Saskatchewan or the rabbit-infested prairies of Australia.

But they have their disadvantages. A heavy-set Aussie friend of mine, a very amiable scientist chap, had one in which he took considerable pride in spite of the fact that his legs were so short that he had to heave his round body onto the seat much in the way one might get up on a horse that hadn't any stirrups. Since he had one Ph.D. already from an Australian university but was not yet twenty-seven, the authorities had granted him Bachelor's status. Cambridge doesn't recognize degrees other than its own but may grant Bachelor's or Master's status in the university because of age or on trust. Having such status brings with it the privilege of wearing the longer gown, also a point of pride with the Australian. He seldom rode the one without wearing the other. But the longer gown too has its drawbacks, chief of which is the fact that it intertwines itself in the chain and in the spokes of the back wheel. I remember well several occasions on which I rode home with the Australian after we had dined together in Fitzwilliam House. Since we both lived on the west side of the city, our route took us up King's Parade, at the end of which we veered into the Senate House Passage, veered again in the right-angle turn at the corner of Caius College, passed into Garret Hostel Lane, and crossed the river on the Garret Hostel Bridge. Somewhere in the vicinity of the Caius corner, our conversation was often interrupted by a violent tugging from behind at the shoulders and throat of the Australian. But he persevered through the turns and coasted up the incline of the bridge, where he got down and disentangled his gown. The balustrade made a convenient step from which he could climb into his seat without the usual heavings. With a last satisfied clearing of his throat, with a "Ummm, Hmmm, Harumph. let's go," and with a last tucking up of his garment, we pushed off through the Backs and down Queens Road. By the time we came out into the intersection above Magdalen College, his gown had crept into the chain again, but since the bike was too heavy anyway to be pedaled farther, the crossroads was a convenient place to dismount. We could continue our talk in a less harassed way as we pushed up Castle Hill.

Luckily in my bargainings I passed over such ancient and unpredictable and sometimes hostile machines and settled for a lightweight racing cycle with gears, which hardly worked then and never worked later. This machine, as I recall, cost three pounds. It served me well for four years and became an object of my constant affection. My feelings were wrenched, in the haste of my departure, when I had to sacrifice it for a pound and a half to a green undergraduate fresh up from prep school. Cambridge to him was a wonderful place; you couldn't find such bargains at Eton.

In my short, happy life with this bicycle was erased my last preconception and prejudice. True, bicycles bring small trials and petty annoyances. In the damp air of Cambridge, batteries last but a moment, and headlamps flicker out under the waiting eyes of the sidewalk police. The trick is to see them before they see you and to get down as you go by them. Or to take the back lanes and streets home, which are often so black that no constable can find his way in them. Or to have warm friends placed in a useful fashion over the city, friends who don't mind being waked at midnight to supply you with a fresh battery or bulb. Or, if you have enough money, to buy that curious and typical British invention, the dynamo, a headlamp attached to a generator attached to a wheel. Most English petrol stations are not frequent or enterprising enough to offer customers compressed air. Car and bicycle tires have to be filled with old-fashioned hand pumps. Brakes wear out after one descent of a really steep incline. Shoe leather must be substituted.

The Misses Higgins and the Israeli Historian

And true, too, bicycles sometimes get out of hand, as anyone can testify who has set out for Baits Bite Lock on the foot and cycle path along the river. The path gives way to a track; the track grows faint and gives way to deep-embedded hoof holes over which a bicycle bucks and writhes as though alive and does often pitch the rider headlong into stinging nettles. And bicycles get out of hand especially when they're motorized. For the ordinary Englishman advancement in life is a well-ordered thing. First, he buys a bicycle; when he becomes more affluent, he adds a motor; more affluent, he buys a motorcycle or scooter; then a motorized tricycle (enclosed); and in the full prime of the forties and fifties, he buys an automobile. I knew two charming sisters in Cambridge, the Misses Higgins, who, though they were well into their forties, for one reason or another, had fallen behind in this chain. They were teachers for one thing and so a little harder pressed than most. And they had recently bought a large, comfortable house and garden for another. Still they had personal reasons too for continuing their attachment to the bike. Norah, the younger, through an early failure in love, had become a tintinnabulation of nerves. She fairly jangled. She spoke at a typewriter clip, overwhelmed you from a distance with the intensity of her friendship, was full of suppressed desires, restrained savage gestures. The bicycle calmed her. When she pounced upon the frame, some of her electricity ran down into the iron. Bertha, the elder, was the pleasantest woman I ever met. She was what one would call stout and in off moments had a giggle. She could steer you through a tea party with absolute ease. And she had a calm, clear, administrative mind,

for which reason she had been made headmistress of an infants' school in Trumpington. She had arrived at that time and position in life when it behooved her to put in a better appearance than she could manage riding on a common cycle and so reluctantly had had her cycle motorized even though she had an abiding fear of engines. But like many another English gadget, the engine frequently didn't work, its eccentricity being to stick in high gear. On mornings when the gear stuck, Norah ran out to hold the beast in check while Bertha mounted; and as Bertha put-putted out of sight down roads on which there were no zebra crossings, no stop lights, and little traffic, Norah ran to the phone to warn the school that the headmistress was coming. Two faithful teachers kept watch up the Cambridge road; and when she hove in sight, ran out to catch her in a thin and wild embrace.

In these ways bicycles get out of hand; but such annoyances are nothing in comparison with the surge of power, the lifting of the spirit, being mounted brings. I suppose my whole present complex feeling about the bike is symbolized in my mind by an Israeli, an historian from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. During her years in Cambridge, she conducted a series of small, closely fought engagements with many of the Cambridge tradesmen. One of the chief of these was with the owner of a bicycle repair shop a few yards from Girton College. He overcharged her, she maintained, and did nothing. "One week I take my bicycle in to have my seat fixed, and the next week the handlebars are loose. I have them fix a tire, but they don't fix the spoke that punctured it." One week, feeling that her enemy was wearing her down, she went in and said sternly, bending her sharp profile close to the owner's lumpish features, "I want everything that needs fixing on this bicycle fixed. I don't care what it costs. But I want *everything* fixed!" She emphasized her point by pounding the counter. "And would you believe it?" she said to me later, tears of frustration running down her face, "When I rode that bicycle down the drive, both pedals fell off."

And there was the time too she went downtown to buy a piece of cheese. She parked her bike against the kerb in the crowded street outside Saintsbury's. She had hardly reached the door when she heard the crash of her cycle which the wind had blown under the wheels of a passing motorist. The motorist would pay nothing, and she called him to his face the most unscrupulous Englishman in Cambridge.

But she endured these miseries bravely for the glory she knew when mounted. On the ground she seemed a little dumpy, but in the air she became a pillar. She had a better "seat" on a bicycle than any Cambridge horsewoman had on a horse. She was an Amazon, a Valkyrie; she was Zenobia advancing with tigers. And the winds played with the helmet of her hair.

— robert charles brown

Freud And The Theatre

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

A RUMOR AMONG theatrical producers has it that angels prefer backing any play that has biographical background. People apparently want to know more about people they have heard other people talk about. It is the same thirst for knowledge that is so easily quenched by reading reviews of books instead of the books themselves.

We are living in a curious world of half-truths and sham wisdom. For the last thirty years or so most dramatists have more or less consciously lived on the work of one pioneer who dared plunge into the labyrinth of that elusive thing that makes man tick, and now Henry Denker has made the obvious step in the right direction toward the angels and the public's demand for closer acquaintance with Dr. Freud. The logical conclusion was to write a play about Freud himself.

Our age – the Age of Anxiety (as it is so aptly called by Auden) in all its shades and variations – will go into history as a "psychological" epoch. Today nobody can keep away from the cliches and the jargon of psychoanalysis. Give your life a second look and you will realize that we have surrended our entire existence to the semi-knowledge of our soul submerged in its subconscious. Whether the Id or the Superego remains triumphant, the fact is that from early morning when the first sounds of the radio begin to hammer psychologically prepared advertisements into our subliminal existence to the very moment when we finally succumb psychosomatically to the hollow din and the grim horrors of our time, we are surrounded by the consequences of Freud's discoveries.

Of course, man had a subconscious – often very loosely referred to as his soul – in pre-Freudian days too, and, along with many others interested in the conflict of reason and feeling, action and motive, Dostoyevsky successfully probed its depths; even more than two thousand years ago Euripides treated man's traumatic experiences dramatically. But modern psychoanalytic knowledge has become a toy rather than a tool in the hands of the writer and created more traps for him than it has helped to tighten and solve dramatic problems. Time and again it has been proved that the poet's vision is stronger if it is not supported by crutches of psychoanalytic textbooks. It is unthinkable what might have become of the scene between Hamlet and his mother had Shakespeare not been the great poet he was and had he been burdened with the psychological "insight" of our era.

Although we can heighten the awareness of man, we can never quite penetrate his subliminal state scientifically as a surgeon can cut into our mortal being with his scalpel. And the dramatist, having to create the reality of the hidden being of man and living suspended between knowing more but not knowing enough of the scientific part of it, is weakened through this very knowledge because, as he has gradually learned to rely on it, he has ceased to rely on the ecstasy of his own insight, the unerring power of his vision.

Unerring, because the God-given spark of creative intuition channeled by experience and checked by reason is more reliable and productive than knowledge and reason combined, however well supported by a flair for this and a knack for that. If only the dramatist could let his own conflicts fight it out on the keys of his typewriter with clarity of purpose and unmistakable vitality! If he could only let loose the fairies and furies of his subliminal self to render himself a service as a stand-in for his characters and their universal meaning! Being a product of his environment, the modern dramatist cannot help bringing with him a certain amount of psychological knowledge. It is no doubt his greatest problem to make it work for him without eclipsing his intuitive gift.

Endless are the examples of twentieth-century dramatic attempts directly dependent on Freudian wisdom. The most flagrant cases of recent vintage are those of Arthur Laurents and Tennessee Williams. O'Neill is probably a borderline case of extraordinary stature, the most outstanding example of a dramatist who failed whenever he was too conscious of the psychological "mechanics" and who triumphed when his poetic insight had the better of all his analytical knowledge. T. S. Eliot most consciously and also most frivolously made use of our Freudian heritage when he gave his psychoanalyst godlike powers in his "Cocktail Party," when he made him treat his characters like marionettes who were created to serve the will of the analyst, i.e. author, i.e. God, for whose higher purposes the play was written.

(This is the first of a series of articles on this topic.)

From the Chapel

The Peace That Passeth All Understanding

By James David Fackler

The Lord will give strength unto His people.
The Lord will bless His people with peace.

I HAD OFTEN wondered what the real thought was behind the word "peace." As one looks at the history of Holy Church and its sainted membership, one finds hardly a generation that lived by Webster's definition of the term. Wars, rumors of wars, brother against father, saint against sinner, reformer against traditionalist — these are history, but hardly peace.

People in this north Alabama community are "typical" Americans. They need the Gospel of Jesus Christ just as much as any generation. Their approach to Jesus Christ is just as ego-centric as the next person's.

The Lutheran parish that I served as intern-assistant (vicar) is typical of the Alabama frontier. Small membership. Comparatively new building. Constant awareness of indebtedness. Here was a peaceful parish. Not too active. Not overly quiet. Just peaceful. Its growth was not phenomenal. But it was moving.

One could say also that the students were typical — at least that quarter of the Lutheran campus population that "showed-up" regularly. Their main objective was to have their own "center" and their own pastor. Then everything would be on the "up-swing." Then the Lutheran Church could start making an impression on the student body of the University of Alabama.

Could anyone ask for a more peaceful atmosphere in which to work? Did the Southern way of life have something to offer the Yankee brethren? Could this be the "peace that passes all understanding"?

February 5, 1961, was an average Sunday all the way through. When the Lutheran students met for their discussion that evening Pastor Joseph Ellwanger and three from his flock in Birmingham were there. Everything seemed quite in order. The discussion was better than usual. But this was to be expected, for so was the topic: "The Church and Human Relations." Here were fellow Christians of different races in communion with one another. Here was peace in the Southern way of life. It was a restful night.

As suddenly as a head-on collision awakens a sleeping driver, the peace passed from our midst. A quiet Lutheran parish in a striving community on the "frontier" was thrown into turmoil. In the few short hours after the February 5 meeting peace-loving people were moved to turmoil by deep-seated prejudice and hate. "We are a peace-loving people," said the White Citizens Council, "but don't disturb our peace." "We love the nigger as long as he does what we tell him." The federal government and the integrationists were "the only ones who wanted to disturb the peace." I am sure the pastor had a hard time remembering this as his telephone jingled at all hours of the night. "No," I was told, "there is no place in the Bible that says I must treat the 'nigra' as a brother — the Jew either for that matter." It is true that the WCC is a minority — the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan also. But they sound like a majority when no voices are raised in opposition. Indeed the Lutheran Church in that community was "caught with its pants down." These groups, it seems, "maintained the peace" for the majority by a campaign of fear.

When I returned from New Orleans (where conferences were held with my superiors) "peace" again was the word of the day. Besides there was much to talk about. The Lord Almighty by His powerful hand brought rain and tornado to the community. The area came under the Federal disaster relief, but this was peace. The parish had a hole in its roof, but this was peace.

Work continued as it had before. There was much to be done. My preaching assignments were extremely limited. But this is not the only way in which a clergyman serves. Much was said about love. But the evasive approach was noticeable. About the only ones who wanted to talk on the "subject" were the students. What voice have "egg-heads"?

March 12 I had an opportunity to preach at the parish. I was asked rather late in the week, so I went to the "barrel" (a ready supply of old sermons previously delivered and kept on file) and took a copy from my Lenten series in 1960. The text was I John 3:16. The Topic: Reflections on the Crucifixion — St. John Looks Back — ". . . by this we know love." After much prayer and thought I was sure that this was a necessary topic. Not much was said about the "touchy" subject, a sentence or two at most. In the late service I elaborated on our Lord's foot washing by saying: " . . . and how many of us would wash a Negro's feet" . . . as our Lord has washed His disciples' feet. Other than this the sermon was, as usual, general. No negative reaction was received from either Pastor or congregation that day.

Another week was begun. Hardly a different beginning from those prior. It was a usual week. Thursday evening, March 16, Pastor had asked if my wife and I would baby-sit his children. This was in order. We had done it before. My wife had to work until 11:00 p.m., but we would spend the night at Pastor's home. Again, nothing was different as I went to pick up my

wife at the hospital except that I thought I had left a book at church, earlier, and so expected to pick it up on the way to the apartment. When I arrived at the hospital entrance my wife was not there (as usual), so I decided to go pick up the book and thus save that much time getting back to Pastor's home. I drove to the parish, turned the lights to dim, left the motor running and started toward the door. Then the "fun" began.

Hardly was the door ajar than I was grabbed from behind by a pair of gloved hands – one over my mouth and another over my eyes – and carried to the back seat of a waiting automobile. Lying cross-wise in the back seat of a speeding auto I had many thoughts cross my mind. I had no idea that it was the Klan but naively hoped it was some of my college friends out for fun. This last thought was squelched when my custodian said: "You ain't on no joy ride, preacher," as I attempted to get more comfortable. After many bumps, sounds, and prayers, we arrived at our destination. I prayed and I prayed and I prayed.

Following a short interval of what seemed to be a conference I was masked, punched in the stomach, and lifted out of the automobile. Someone was holding me from behind when another fellow punched me in the stomach again. I was scared, but the Lord was there. Had He not said: I will give strength unto my people; I will bless My people with peace? I was at peace, but what about my wife?

Next I was told to lie face down on the ground and was helped to do so. Now they wanted to talk to me. Many invectives were hurled – between and during which I was flogged. "Yes, I love all people" – Negroes included. This is what Christ did. This is what I must try to do. "Nigger-lovers disrupt our Southern way of life." Lord Jesus Christ, give me strength. The flogging continued as a "friend" held my legs and another stood on my wrists. "Yes, I had seen the cross, but didn't know what it meant." This was America – things like this do not happen here. "Yes, I will leave town – but why haven't you warned me?" I asked. I had been warned, they said – this was final. After more floggings and invectives and prayer I was lifted to my feet and led across some railroad tracks and told to lie down again. Here they removed my mask and warned me not to look up until I had counted to 100 . . . "we have a gun." My final direction was to follow the "red lights" on the railroad track to get back to town. It was a peaceful night.

It was a peaceful night as I walked along the tracks. Sounds of the night in the swamps were everywhere. It was difficult to walk at first. My thighs were quite swollen. But so close to God, a nature-loving vicar thinks of many things. I think I sang about every hymn I knew plus a good bit of the Divine Liturgy. Not a few thoughts from the psalms came to mind. My wife was on my mind also but we had talked much about uncertainty and death. We lived by faith – I knew she was all right. My watch was gone, probably lost in the shuffle. So I had no idea of time. One pipe was broken but I had others. It was a long walk. It was a beautiful night. God was near. This was peace.

The rest is history now. I was picked up by a very dear student friend. My automobile was found as I left it – motor still running. My wife was in good spirits. After contacting my superior my wife and I left town. We were sad of countenance but confident that we had witnessed to our Lord. It was a peaceful drive.

Thus I found what the peace of God is all about. Here was hate. Here was turmoil. Here was peace. I had witnessed for Christ against the hate of a people. Emotions were stirred. Fear was aroused. All things work together for good to them that love God. Indeed the Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace – those in Christ know peace.

Sense Of Security

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

LONG AGO SOMEONE sensed that a great vastness of space only dwarfed you and your spirit and gave you a sense of being overwhelmed by greatness. Quietly they began to attach to the larger space of the cathedral a number of smaller places — chapels, oratories, confessionals, etc. — in which a person could find a sense of security for his own soul and get the feeling of being alone, at his prayers, with his God. In the intimate spaces of such small rooms, he got the closeted feeling which the Saviour sets down as one of the elements of prayer.

In recent years some of the European architects have been saying that they have discovered a certain lack in modern architecture and one must admit that, in many cases, the one big impression is always space, even vastness. There are the great planes of masonry or glass which run in unbroken lines from floor to ceiling. This is often a very invigorating and exciting experience but, unless this building is filled up with worshippers at their appointed and accustomed duty of worship before the Most High, it gives you a feeling of emptiness. It is as though it were all ready and waiting but nothing was happening.

It is well and good to say that this is its function because it was intended to fulfill its destiny only in the worshipping congregation. Every architect and every builder has been up against the problem of deciding on the size of the church: Should it be big enough for the attendance on a normal Sunday? Should it be large enough for the great festival congregations of the great holy days? Should it be planned for only one Service on a Sunday or possibly three or four Services?

Everyone who builds has felt that there are limits to what you can safely do with the space in the evangelical sense of worship service. Altar, pulpit, lectern, font — all of them are a sight as well as a sound problem. The limitations of funds have kept us from the folly of over-building but not from the hazards of forgetting the individual who comes to the House of God for a moment of quiet at other times except when there is a formal service. The needs which bring him there may be many and varied — it may be joy or sorrow, a pain, a problem, or an inexpressible happiness. Shall he be dropped down into the middle of a vast space, having to summon up an almost impossible concentration in order to be able to pray? Or should some consideration be given to the needs of this individual by adding prayer chapels, secluded areas, baffled partitions, in which, and behind which, in reasonable security, he can be alone with his God, his thoughts, and his needs? This is certainly as necessary as a true sacristy for a pastor. One would regard it as almost inconceivable that the pastor should come to his important work in the worship of his people without having been alone at prayer with his God. The Germans have coined a word for this feeling. They call it "Geborgenheit." Somewhere in the modern world man must find a place to get away from the noise and restlessness that is outside and be quiet for a while with his God.

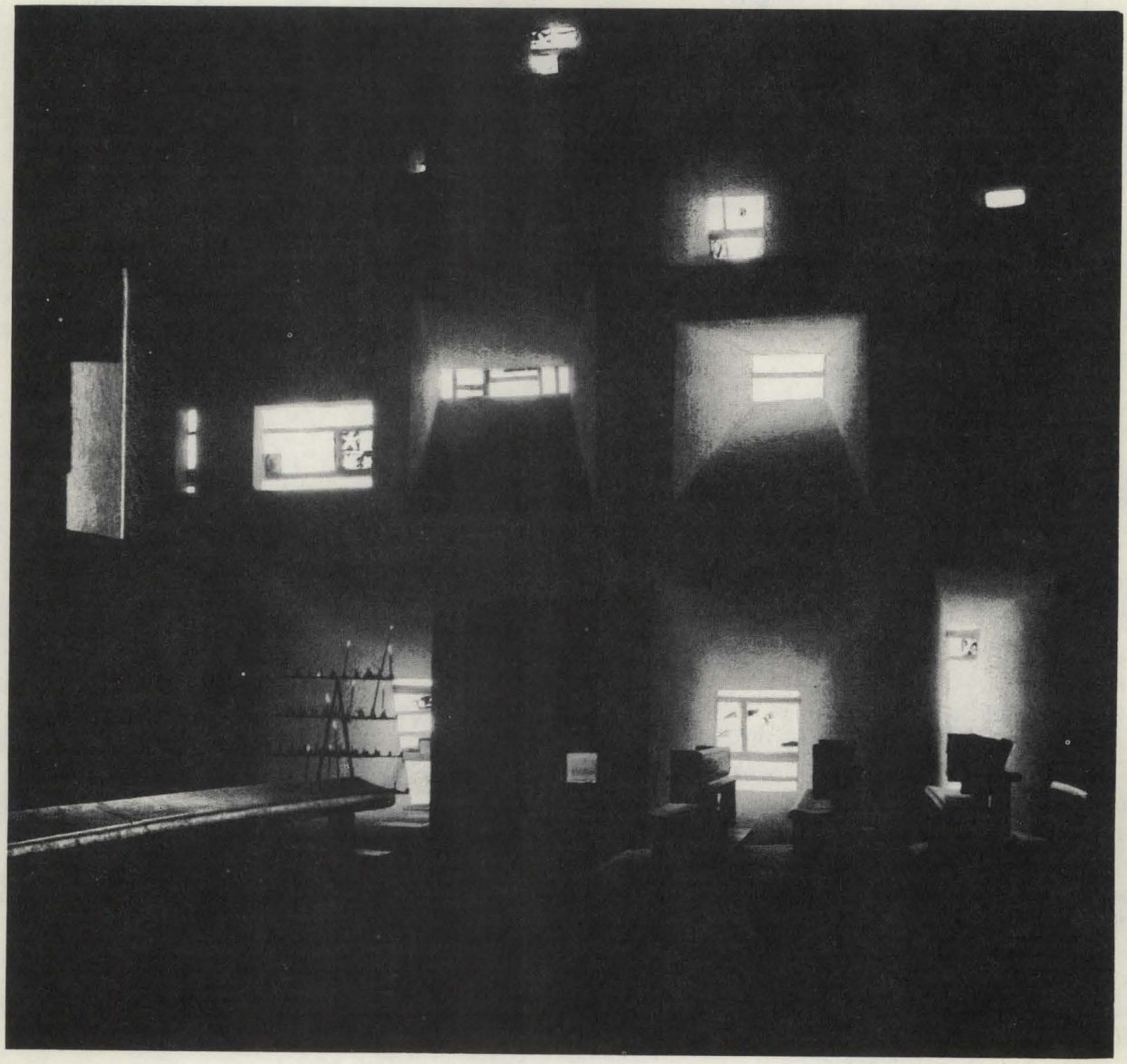
At the end of a long, hard day of travel, everyone has felt the wonderful goodness of being surrounded by the walls of his motel or hotel room, or even by the cover of his tent on a camping expedition. We need this kind of security and shelter, even in our physical life. We must be ready to give it also in spiritual things.

The accompanying picture shows Le Corbusier's remarkable chapel at Ronchamps. He has achieved the sense of security and shelteredness by developing light and shadow in a remarkably warm way through small windows but beautifully large light areas brightened by them. Unless a person can get this feeling of security in small sheltered areas which are part of the large place, he may only get the sensation of loneliness in the midst of a great church. Even the pillars, which are so often decried by unthinking critics, serve a purpose for the poor publican who only wants to come in, and not stand out in a blaze of light, but plead humbly, "God be merciful." The crypts beneath the ancient churches were excellent examples of real security for the spirit of man.

It is heartening to know that in many of the new Protestant churches there are little niches set aside, sometimes only with the Honor Roll memorial tablets on their walls, where those who would like to remember the departed may sit for a moment of quiet meditation. But surely they are not the only ones who are to be considered when the prayer needs of the modern time are enumerated. There are others — the young lovers, the grateful mother, youths up against decision, mature businessmen plagued by conscience, and even statesmen shocked by the immorality of internationalism, who would look for a place that is quiet and warm and rich with the presence of God.

Let us say it again. The vast parking areas which are the approaches to so many of our new churches do nothing to cut down the noise of the world; rather, they bring it right up to the door of the sanctuary. There we need, as one architect has put it, a "decompression chamber" where people can quiet down and "settle down" and get the loud "brass" out of their voices and cultivate the stillness which, like cleanliness, is next to godliness.

The church is not to be principally a place for looking around and at things, but it must be a place where we look down inside for quiet devotion and find peace again through the presence of our living Lord. There may be many things that can be done to help the one who comes by accident, not knowing what he needs, to find exactly what God would have him find. Small unostentatious signs can direct him to the place where there is a prayer book and a hymn book and a Bible in the language that he loves. Then the work can begin — a man working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, and everything around helping to make him feel that this is good!



Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

——By G. G.——

Dear Editor:

number of people — including some whose tastes in humor and satire are at least as sophisticated as our own — interpreted the May "Letter from Xanadu" as a deliberate and malicious attack upon lawyers and the legal profession.

That this was not the case will be obvious to anyone who is acquainted with this magazine's strong insistence, over the past twenty-four years, upon the need for Christian involvement in every useful profession, particularly in law and in politics — two professions through which the Christian has unique opportunities to bring the imperatives of the Gospel to bear upon community life and public policy. The fact that one of those who misunderstood the column was a man whose whole career has exemplified the Christian approach to law and politics is the immediate reason for our publishing this clarification of the May column.

On the larger issue of the propriety of the use of humor to point up the twisted and distorted thinking to which even Christians are prone, we have reluctantly reached the conclusion that the spirit of the times, both in the Church and in secular society, is such that the use of humor for such purposes is more likely to offend than to edify. Two years ago, having reached such a conclusion, we suspended these Letters, later yielding to reader reaction to restore them. We are convinced now that our judgment of two years ago was correct, a conviction which the anonymous G.G. not only shares but has forcibly stated on many occasions during the past two years. Whatever reader reaction may be, therefore, the author of these Letters has made it clear that he will not resume writing them.

The Editors

If you want to know the real reason why I am quitting this job, my duties as president of the International Lutheran Implement Dealers Association or the United States and Canada and editor of *The Spreader* just don't leave me any time for this jazz. Besides, they weren't paying me anything.

Regards,
G.G.

VERSE

DARKNESS GROWS

The length of ageless darkness grows,
Its torso leaping with the stilts
On ominous and formless ghosts.

The stars, the moon the sunlit blue
Are blackened ash, their God eclipsed.
Tyrannical and twisted men
Create unlighted globes to spin
The slavery of the spirit's flame.

Tragedians make comedies
Of space and deepen stubborn caves
With thrusting claws of blasphemed steel
To turn Hell's entrails inside out.

If deep within the earthen realms
The dormant pagan gods still breathe;
These idle Titans will renew
Their proud intrigues and senseless wars.
Unleashing their immortal lusts
And whimsical antagonisms
To indulge their playful grandeur . . .
With mortal man their fatal pawn.

Should Persephone emerge to plant
Her briefly seasoned flowered smiles
Some minstrel may forget dolor
And sing his sweet, exciting song.
But darkened lengths have grown beyond
The haloes of a hero's glow.

— Rockwell B. Schaefer

PENETRATION

I wake and know
time has come. To make up mind
is major. Heart is so
lovingly lost. Dilemmas
sit on stone towers and preen,
steel tigers scheming.
Day is unkind.

I have loves remaining,
first is last. I fly alone,
and smoke from steel mill rises.
Morning is past. Turning
is winding away from fear to fear,
no longer myself, I cry
to One long known.

— James Binney

A Brief for Woody Woodpecker

By WALTER A. HANSEN

TODAY SOME OF those who consider themselves composers worthy of attention are having curious and violent brain storms. They seem determined to contribute something that is altogether new. But if a genuine musical idea should ever manage to bob up in their heads, this would probably be an accident. Besides, one often wonders whether they could recognize a genuine musical idea.

Have these fakers deliberately cultivated the habit of pooh-poohing melodies that give pleasure and edification? They follow strange whims; they combine all sorts of sounds and noises into concoctions which they have the gall to describe as music.

Do these words of mine remind you of statements made long ago by critics who attacked Ludwig van Beethoven, let us say, Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy, and many others — attacked them with pens that were dipped in venom? If they do, I am sorry. I am not trying to stab progress in the back.

I have no objection whatever to experimentation in the realm of music. Many years ago I took up my little cudgels in defense of composers who strayed deliberately from beaten paths and strove to blaze new trails. Those men needed all the encouragement they could get. Some of them succeeded; some of them failed. Anyone acquainted with the history of music knew that their searching would lead to results of various kinds.

Today something radically different is taking place in the domain of experimentation. I am referring primarily to what many self-styled composers are doing with electronics. They are, it seems to me, shamefully abusing one of the most wonderful gifts ever bestowed on mankind. What unspeakable ugliness they are bringing into being by stringing together almost every conceivable variety of sound and calling this music! They would probably turn up their noses at the once popular little ditty about Woody Woodpecker. Could they ever devise a melody one tenth as good? The trite song about Woody Woodpecker had some basis in nature. But these self-styled harbingers of what they choose to speak of as a new day in music want sounds against which nature rises up in revolt. At all events, this is my carefully considered opinion.

At the moment I am thinking of what I have read about the International Congress of Experimental Music, which was recently held in Venice. Some of the "prophets" who took part in this meeting actually advocate catalyzing and reassembling the human voice. In this connection they speak of *kontinuierliche Klangfarbenuebergaenge,* which I take to mean "continuous changes in tone color or timbre." Let them have their fun. I prefer the song about Woody Woodpecker.

Those who specialize in various kinds of antics based on what is known as the twelve-tone row are out-and-out novices in comparison with the so-called composers who manufacture tonal monstrosities by stretching some of the possibilities of electronics to the breaking point.

Electronics play an important role in music, and it seems certain that in the future they will accomplish far more than they are achieving today. They are and will continue to be agents and servants of beauty. Naturally, they can be misused to bring unspeakable ugliness into contact with our eardrums. Will this ugliness ever evolve into beauty? Will the tohu and bohu brought into the world by the champions of *kontinuierliche Klangfarbenuebergaenge* ever lead to anything as presentable as the ditty about Woody Woodpecker? If it does, I shall be happy to eat ten or twelve crows.

I still admire the late Arnold Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* and a few other works from this philosophically inclined composer's pen. Moreover, I have learned a great deal from Schoenberg's *Harmonielehre.* But after the mathematical possibilities of the twelve-tone row had taken possession of this man's thinking and had resulted in compositions of which most mortals could make neither head nor tail, I was disappointed. In fact, I was a bit disgusted.

Unfortunately, Schoenberg never learned to place judicious emphasis on restraint. He will live on and on in the history of music as the creator of the *Gurrelieder,* which I like, *Verklaerte Nacht,* which I dislike, and a few other compositions. In addition, scholars will have to mention and discuss his advocacy of the twelve-tone row for a long time to come; but I am sure that most of his works will be remembered as thought-provoking curiosities. A similar fate will undoubtedly befall nearly every composition from the pens of Alban Berg and Anton Webern, who were Schoenberg's ardent disciples.

Will those who put electronically contrived stunts on parade at the International Congress of Experimental Music in Venice ever be hailed as great and influential prophets and innovators? If the chaotic ugliness they espouse ever comes to be regarded as beauty or as something even remotely resembling beauty, I shall change my mind about eating ten or twelve crows. Then I shall be more than willing to try to devour a turkey buzzard.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

GENERAL

THE COLLECTED SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN

Preface by Mark Schorer (World, $6.00)

Conrad Aiken, now in his seventies, has long been known as a poet, a critic, and the author of "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," the brilliant short and symbolic story of a boy going mad. But we often forget the significance of the criticism, the tremendous volume of stories and poems which he wrote, and the fact that he is also a novelist, four times. For some reason Aiken has, in a sense, been unduly neglected. Perhaps it is because his central concern seems to be a psychological one, and in this era when psychology is becoming almost a pastime in most households, we turn elsewhere, directly to Freud and Jung, for our psychology.

However, as Schorer says in his Preface, "life would be . . . a poor and shriveled thing . . . if it did not have the basic resources that can make it into art." Aiken is not a psychologist — he is an artist, and a superb one. Considering the entire body of his work, including the forty-one stories in this present work, we must recognize Aiken as a genuine literary talent, not merely a brilliant writer of one or two things (as is the case with most American writers these days), but a consistent writer, a man of letters, who knows what he is doing and does it well.

His method in the stories is easy to see, less easy to talk about. The stories have an appearance of unreality, and, indeed, many of them are in the form of the dream or the hallucination or the nightmare. This would suggest that Aiken's reality lies deep within a man rather than in his outer world. However, Aiken is perceptively aware of the outside world. In the matter of concrete details, of images from the world around us, he is at once a meticulous craftsman and a poet. His method is to evoke the world of physical reality, then plunge into that frightening inner world which is the consciousness, and finally to show the two worlds in direct juxtaposition, usually through a symbol of some kind. One might say, then, that Aiken's sphere of operation is that no-man's-land between the two worlds. This is a terrifying place, often seeming to be hopelessly irrational. Yet, as Schorer says in the Preface, rationality would not be worth much if it were not informed and nourished by the incoherence and irrationality of the human consciousness.

To put it tritely, this is life. Aiken does not shirk from his examination of the consciousness, nor does he (except on rare occasions) sentimentalize it. And one more qualification — neither does he make it vulgar, a refreshing point in this age of vulgarity. With the insight and often the language of poetry, he sympathetically and without pathos shows us the shadow regions of man's mind and soul. Not all fiction is able to do this; and one is tempted to suggest that Aiken's short stories be read as poems, poems of the human mind.

The suggestion is offered not as criticism, but as praise.

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE NORTHWEST

By Robert Huhn Jones (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.00)

Mr. Jones estimates that more than 34,000 volumes have been written on the Civil War. In this centennial year of 1961 there will probably be a substantial addition to that number. Even on television the Civil War has become a popular subject for romantic and ragged shoot-em-up dramas. And, of course, we have been swamped for a number of years by both novels and television series dealing with the men who wandered west after the close of the Civil War. Usually these men go into the southwestern states.

Somehow, in all this welter of material, with its pathos and gore, the Northwest (Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, but particularly Minnesota and the Dakotas) was neglected. Now there seems to be a flurry in that direction. *The Great Sioux Uprising*, by C. M. Oehler (reviewed in *The Cresset* of September, 1959), pointed out the 1862 Minnesota Indian wars as the direct cause of the Custer campaign, thus taking away from Custer the spotlight of attention in which he had performed for many years. It may be that the glamor and glory of the Custer episode had been the chief obstacle in opening up the importance of the campaigns which surrounded his. At any rate, the opening has now been made. Frederick Manfred is currently writing a novel about the Minnesota uprisings. And Mr. Jones, in dealing with the same events, relates them to the larger conflict taking place in the East and South.

For those readers who are particularly interested in the northwestern region, this is an extremely interesting source-book with maps, illustrations, and a good index. The material is not new, in most cases, but it is shown in the context of the military Department of the Northwest and thus in relation to the Civil War. For this reason the book may also be enjoyed by Civil War experts (and aren't we all, these days). In the rather subtle ways in which this Indian campaign in Minnesota and the Dakotas affected the War Department, during the Civil War, we see that Little Crow started more than some people have thought.

Mr. Jones has also given us a portrait of General John Pope (who figured also, somewhat ingloriously in the larger war) and of the workings of a frontier military department. This amalgamation of interests, and of the various facets of the significance of the northwestern Indian campaigns, is what gives *The Civil War in the Northwest* its special appeal.

MY SIXTY YEARS ON THE PLAINS

By W. T. Hamilton (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00)

In the first half of the nineteenth century, men became "mountain men" for one or more of several reasons: They were escaping from domestic entanglements, usually in the East; they began in the employ of fur companies and then left them after getting a taste of independence; they went west for their health, and then stayed in the West; or, they were adventurers like those of any historical period. Curiously, this last reason seems to be the most rare. William Hamilton is perhaps typical of the "chills and fever" group, those who needed a change in climate for reasons of health.

Hamilton was born in England in 1822, came to the U.S. with his parents in 1825, settled in St. Louis, and then went out on a trapping expedition with veteran mountain man Bill Williams in 1842. His health improved immediately, he took a liking to the free life, and he stayed out the rest of his life, making only a few brief visits to St. Louis. He became a trapper, a goldminer, an Indian fighter, a scout and guide, a trader; and he also served for a time as sheriff and deputy U.S. marshal. He died in Billings in 1908.

There are two things which make this book valuable. First, Hamilton's style in telling his story is sparse, objective, and clean. Second, his occasional departures from the factual material are an integral part of the charm of the mountain man — his moralizing, his love of nature, and his pride in his accomplishments.

Hamilton has an extremely objective view of the Indians; he sees them as he would see anyone else. If an Indian is proud and brave, Hamilton likes and admires him. If, on the other hand, the Indians acted like twentieth-century hoodlums (and they were perfectly capable of this), Hamilton had no use for them. The only thing that could introduce a highly emotional reaction was the killing of a fellow mountain man:

"We captured forthy-three (sic) ponies and collected all such plunder as we cared

for, besides ridding the earth of a lot of insulting Indians. Crawford was fully avenged."

In the society of the mountain men, preservation of the group was not only an instinctive desire to survive, but it was also a part of the ethics of the group. These men were, in a very real sense, spiritual comrades. They comprised a brotherhood; and their code demanded revenge for the killing of any member of the group. Strange as it may seem, these free men who were strongly individualistic nevertheless possessed a feeling for the group which was more intense than any such feeling is now in a time when individualism is rare.

Hamilton points out also that the mountain men were "great readers," and that it was not unusual to find a copy of Shakespeare in a man's pack. In fact, Hamilton speaks directly to people from the East in insisting that the mountain man was the "peer" of the Easterner "in general knowledge." Why, then, did he continually live a harsh life and expose himself to danger? Hamilton says that "there was a charm in the life of a free mountaineer from which one cannot free himself, after he once has fallen under its spell."

The clean and healthy life in nature is emphasized throughout the book, although it is not sentimentalized. Hamilton, of course, recalls that he was sick before he went west; and for the rest of his life he is grateful for his new health, and almost boastful at times of what the new life did for him. Nowhere does he speak of religious experience in nature; but he does insist that the mountain men were "more humane, more generous, truer to friends, with less deception than those in civilization, with few exceptions." And he says that "98 per cent" of the mountain men were freethinkers .

Most of the book, however, is devoted to brief and factual accounts of the customs of Indians and mountain men — the making of pemmican, the hunting of buffalo, the trading of pelts, and so on. Geographically, most of the book deals with Wyoming and northern California. In time, the span is from 1842 to 1876, with the larger part of the story devoted to the first six years.

Toward the end of his life, Hamilton expresses gratitude that he is healthy, able to trap in the mountains at the age of 82, and still able to appreciate the wonders of nature. His account of his life was first published in 1905, shortly before he died, and the present edition is volume fifteen in the University of Oklahoma's excellent Western Frontier Library.

A VICTORIAN IN ORBIT: THE IRREVERENT MEMOIRS OF SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

By Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as told to James Brough (Doubleday, $4.50)

Sir Cedric Hardwicke has had a long and distinguished career in the theater. His memoirs span a period of almost fifty eventful years. The son of a dedicated, hard-working physician, Sir Cedric was born in the small factory town of Lye, in Worcestershire, England, on February 19, 1893. As a child he displayed an avid interest in the theater and in any form of make-believe. He staged many amateur theatricals, including a hilarious performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. Although Dr. Hardwicke earnestly hoped that his only son would follow him in his profession he reluctantly permitted young Cedric to enroll in the Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, a well-known school under the direction of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, one of the most highly renowned actors of the period.

Sir Cedric made his first professional appearance in a walk-on part in *Wine and Women*. On August 15, 1912, at the age of nineteen, he signed his first contract with Sir Herbert. *A Victorian in Orbit* is a witty, well-written, and thoroughly delightful account of Sir Cedric's experiences on the legitimate stage both here and abroad, on the motion-picture screen, and in television. This is an engrossing record; it contrasts the greatness of the theater of fifty years ago with its decline in recent years. The analysis of the present-day theater is one of the most discerning I have ever read. Sir Cedric examines the changing manners and morals with deep perception, with understanding, and with keen regret for the values and standards which have been lost in a swiftly changing society. "Today," he declares, "the drama and every other phase of entertainment, including the flea circus, have been lumped together in a single shapeless mass labeled 'show business' . . . To my profession's despair, I have seen producers, money men, television sponsors, talent peddlers, and party organizers take over the theater, degrading the actors into something known as talent, which they treat like a commodity to be bartered in the market place of 'show business.' "

A host of famous personages from the past and from the present comes to life in Sir Cedric's fascinating biography.

THE HAWAII BOOK

Ed. by Thomas C. Jones (J. G. Ferguson Publishing Co., $9.95)

The subtitle accurately reflects the contents of this big, beautiful book: "Story of Our Island Paradise."

Every aspect of our fiftieth state is covered in considerable depth in this anthology which is drawn from such various sources as the *Britannica Book of the Year, The Hawaiian Kingdom* by Ralph S. Kuykendall, *Hawaii's People* by Andrew W. Lind, *Bingham's Sandwich* Islands by Hiram Bingham, and 9 *Doctors and God* by Dr. Francis John Halford.

Complementing the textual materials are more than 250 illustrations, fifty-nine of them in color. Among the illustrations are scenic views, reproductions of old newspapers and historic documents, an animated map of the islands, and several striking paintings.

This is not a publicity blurb. It is the sort of interpretive study of a state which one could wish might be done for every state. The beauty and the glamor of Hawaii are here, of course (they could hardly be absent from any well-done account of the islands), but so are the day-to-day lives of the people who, though they may be living in an island paradise, still have livings to make and children to educate and problems to solve.

SCOTCHMAN'S RETURN AND OTHER ESSAYS

By Hugh Mac Lennan (Scribner's, $4.50)

"Here," says the book jacket, "you find a cultivated mind combined with a strong, warm humanity; speaking with that rare thing called style." The accuracy of this statement is commendable.

Beginning with a visit to Scotland, and ending with comments upon arriving at the age of fity years, the twenty-nine essays forming this collection include discussion of the following topics: tennis, gardening, "Oxford Revisited," wood-chopping, literature (three different essays from as many points of view), national characteristics displayed by eating habits, "New York, New York," "The Classical Tradition and Education." One of the most illuminating for the American reader (the author is Canadian) begins: "Just when you think you can't stand the Americans they do something to make you love them . . . Never is the American greater, never more lovable or worthy, than when he gives a good swift kick to the American Dream."

For more than a hundred years, *Essays of Elia* has been considered the foremost collection of informal essays in the English language. *Scotchman's Return* is a good runner-up.

THE HUNTER

By Tuviah Friedman (Doubleday, $3.95)

For fiteen years Tuviah Friedman hunted Adolf Eichmann and yet he played no part in his final capture. To this man, who had been so close to the case so many years, the news of the capture was a great surprise. But Friedman had played a part in bringing Eichmann to justice. For years he collected evidence, carried on a voluminous correspondence with persons in all parts of the world who might furnish clues on Eichmann, and he pestered Israeli

officials, high and low, to continue the Government's interest in trailing this former member of the Nazi hierarchy.

Friedman was born and raised in Radom, Poland, and most of his story is concerned with the atrocities suffered by his family and friends, along with millions of other Jews, under the Nazi occupation. Twice he was captured and escaped, and, finally, he joined a Polish security force whose duty it was to round up former Nazis. This became his life's work, usually without financial support from anyone.

This is a sober, but some times thrilling, account by a selfless man who was a pest to many, a fanatic to some, and a deadly menace to one man — Adolf Eichmann.

FICTION

HALVOR, A STORY OF PIONEER YOUTH

By Peer Stromme. Translated from the Norwegian and adapted by Inga B. Norstog and David T. Nelson (Luther College Press, $1.95)

This charming and easy-moving story of the background and youth of Halvor, the son of a Norwegian immigrant, is essentially autobiographical. It has its setting in the latter half of the nineteenth century in familiar locales of Wisconsin and Iowa. The majority of the characters were people in real life, and little more than their names has been changed.

The story was first written in serial form by the author in 1893, and it was first translated in 1936 by Mrs. Norstog. The present edition has been prepared by Mr. Nelson.

One of the outstanding qualities of the book is its realism — a realism which could only come from a true representation of people who actually lived. However the story is from another era. It could not happen today. It is the story of a pioneer father who staked out a plot of virgin land, and, through many hardships, made a home. He raised a son and a daughter, and, through great sacrifices, sent the son to school to become a minister. The author is describing himself as Halvor, the son of Soren Helgelson, that pioneer father. He is describing his youth in a frontier cabin, his adventures at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, his challenges and struggles as he contemplates the office of the ministry and studies at Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri (where Dr. Walther was president at the time).

Another important feature of the book is that, while its narrative seems to be very real, it is written from a point of view, and about points of view, foreign to our generation. The immigrant Norwegian frontier community has lost neither its "frontier-ness" nor its "Norwegian-ness." One gets a good view of the goals of pioneer life and the "characters" of a frontier community. Especially of interest are the religious points of view, the theological attitudes of the immigrant pastors and their congregations, and the characteristics of the Norwegian Synod at this time. (For example, the situation is conditioned by the fact that the immigrants must make a changeover from the idea of state church to the idea of free church.) One also gets a picture of synodical schooling at this time, minimally affected by the "American system," as the author describes his school days. But in spite of the difference of point of view, through the psychological insight, through the very humanness of the story, the reader maintains a very real identity with the characters. One cannot help but feel that he is discovering some of the background, the tradition and custom, that has led to conditions in his life.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the story is derived from the point of view from which it was written in 1893. It is unpretentious, never sophisticated (and it will not, accordingly, appeal to the oversophisticated reader). The hero has no dazzling or soul-probing qualities. Neither do the other characterizations nor the settings. The expression itself is simple and unadorned. The author does, however, seem to co-ordinate the narrator's depth of psychological insight and expression with the growth of the boy to manhood — a singular effect!

The book is quite enjoyable in that it passes on, so unassumingly, but with so much commonality, the attitudes of a previous generation to our own. Undoubtedly we have the translators to thank for much of this. ARTHUR GRIESEL

THE SECRET OF THE KINGDOM

By Mika Waltari (Putnam's Sons, $4.95)

Marcus Hanilianus, a footloose and wealthy young Roman, arrived outside Jerusalem just as Christ was crucified on Calvary. The Man on the middle cross aroused his curiosity as did the violent reactions of many of the Jews present. He determined to discover, if he could, who Christ was and why he was being crucified.

In order to get information, Marcus met and talked with many of the persons who were important, and some not so important, in the earthly life of Jesus: His disciples, Pilate, Pilate's wife, Nicodemus, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, Mary and Martha, Simon of Cyrene, Zacchaeus, and a number of others. What began as an idle search for information became, within the next forty days, a conscious groping for faith, and, finally, Marcus the pagan became Marcus the Christian.

The strength of Waltari's novel lies in his handling of the atmosphere of Jerusalem and the reactions of the people and particularly the Jewish Council and the Roman authorities, as well as the excitement and fears of Jesus' followers after the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. While the author remains true to the facts of the Bible, he fills those forty days, about which little is known, with events which seem likely to have happened. In one respect he does stretch credulity when he has Marcus meeting Jesus on four occasions, including a meeting in the garden on Easter morning.

One could argue with Waltari's interpretation of the disciples' personalities or with some of the events he includes, but, for the most part, his imaginative material seems reasonable on the basis of Biblical knowledge. Its treatment of life as it may have been then and the well constructed conversion theme make this an interesting and above average novel.

THE 'MOZART' LEAVES AT NINE

By Harris Greene (Doubleday, $4.50)

All of the principal characters in this novel are attached to the Security Service of the U.S. Army in Salzburg in the second winter after the end of World War II. It is a unique story in that it is one of the few accounts, fiction or non-fiction, that does not denounce the Security Service as a Gestapo or romanticize it as a cloak and dagger outfit.

The duty of the Service is to round up the important Nazis living or hiding in this area. They do their work so well that they are under almost constant censure from other Army personnel, whose servants or friends they pick up, or from headquarters in Vienna, which is rather unjustly pictured as a group interested only in politics and Russian appeasement. The man who receives the complaints is the unit's commanding officer, Major Jeremy Burton, a young officer of high principles, who spend most of his time explaining his actions to his superiors, and the rest of his time trying to dampen the enthusiasm of two of his own men, Werner Baumgart, known as "The Devil Himself," and Cameron Winston, the Casanova of Salzburg. Both are Jews and former soldiers turned civilian, and they bring to their job of ferreting out ranking Nazis an enthusiasm far beyond the call of duty.

Major Burton is supported by a second in command, Captain DiAngelo who is a sterling character, almost too good to be true. But the story needs at least two upright characters, such as Burton and DiAngelo, to offset the many conniving and incompetent personnel who seem determined to disrupt the work of the Security Service.

Just when Burton's problems seem almost insurmountable, a Russian Army officer defects and places himself at the mercy of the Security Service. Vienna headquarters, and, of course, the Russians want him re-

turned immediately. Burton, who has grown to like the Russian, must make a major decision based either on his strong sense of duty or on his sense of compassion. His decision complicates affairs more than ever.

This is a successful first novel that is at times over-written, but it does create the atmosphere of a country under repatriation and gives one view of our Army of Occupation. The author, an American working as a commercial representative in Italy, served with the Army for three years after the war and is, presumably, describing the situation as he saw it.

WALK EGYPT

By Vinnie Williams (Viking Press, $4.50)

Toy Crawford was thirteen when her father was killed. In the weeks following his death she took charge of her younger sister and brother and mentally unsteady mother, and assumed control of the family mill which had been handed down through several generations. Soon only Wick Bloodworth, the one really "good" man in town, could see beyond the thick shell of the rebellious woman she had become.

The dust jacket calls this "an American novel." Set in Georgia, most of the action centers around Gristle, a once prosperous gold-rush town, now only a tiny (population 518), nondescript spot in the southern hills. The heart of the town is John Goforth's store, a place which carries "work shirts and women's shoes, tobacco and plows, salt and coffee, needles and neat's-foot oil," and where the men spend much of the day talking, playing checkers, and eating soda crackers and peanuts parched together.

The story begins in 1929, and extends through the depression, when people were trying to protect their chickens and gardens from "road-walkers," and into the days of World War II. The times serve as a background for an interesting array of characters: Aunt Baptist, the beloved old midwife; Bess and Jack Tripp, unconcerned because they had caused a man's death; Yellow Tom, who spent his spare hours carving a grave marker from a mill stone; Peanuts Stonecypher, a desperate character who tried to run off with the collection money.

A somewhat weak ending has been attached to this otherwise well-written book. Throughout the story, Toy has possessed a complete hopelessness about herself. She is a faithful wife and dutiful daughter, but has frequently shown little feeling toward either her addled mother or her own infant daughter. Suddenly, during a New Year's Eve gospel meeting, as the assembly is "walking Egypt," Toy gains new hope. And there the story ends.

By use of a smooth, flowing style, and by inclusion of superstitions, local customs, and the vernacular, Vinnie Williams has made *Walk Egypt* a sometimes sad, occasionlly humorous, and always readable book. Don't worry about the ending until you get there. This is still an enjoyable piece of writing.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY

By Thomas H. Raddall (Doubleday, $4.95)

This biographical novel has its setting first in rugged New Hampshire just before the American Revolution, then in England, and later in Nova Scotia, allowing the reader to gather information concerning political and social phases of the period in each locality. John Wentworth runs the gamut from Governor to foot soldier and back to Governor of another territory, all the while weaving a thread of the conflict between his loyalty to the British rule and his association with neighbors and friends fighting for American independence.

Frances Wentworth, the Governor's Lady, manages to wield her influence and power wherever she appears, but is never wholly acceptable in the society circles to which she aspires. Her struggles to maintain the position of power and the conflicts she encounters makes the book an absorbing, but rather meandering type of novel recommended for light reading.

BERNICE RUPRECHT

THE MONEY PEOPLE

By Leo Katcher (Doubleday, $3.95)

Leo Katcher, living in Hollywood, combines the careers of newspaperman and fiction writer. He writes screen plays and novels.

One of his "money people" is Judith Alden, a highly perceptive and determined young women who sets her sights on money and thenceforth marches straight for her goal. Only once does she get out of step. For a brief moment one hopes that the girl will change direction, but even while hoping one knows that the hope is futile.

If you do not have an extra $4.00 right now, wait for the movie. It's a natural. In gorgeous cinemacolor you will see: the attractive leading lady, wearing dresses by Dior; the intense, rugged friend with ideals and heart to match; the intense, rugged husband with deals and money to match; Mexico by moonlight, a rendezvous by the ocean, night life in New York; et cetera.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

FAMILY!

By Fannie Hurst (Doubleday, $3.95)

Any author who has published as much material as has Fannie Hurst should need little introduction. Ever since her first short stories appeared in 1914, Miss Hurst has brought forth a steady stream of plays, novels, and stories, plus an autobiography. Several of her books have been made into motion pictures.

This latest novel is set in St. Louis, the city where Miss Hurst herself grew up. The time is the present. Charley, the eldest of the Sprague brothers, is a millionaire, but has done a poor job of raising his motherless children, Brock and Claudia. John Henry, wealthy but childless, sees his wife, Myra, spend most of her time giving piano recitals. Ed, grudgingly admired by his brothers for his independent spirit, leads a less expensive, but happier, life with his Clara and the twins, Clarabelle and Anchutz.

Then appears Virgie Scogan. Combining her desire to be accepted by the rest of the Spragues with her natural talent for helping people, Virgie manages, during the few short months as Charley's "wife," to bring the family closer than it has ever been. By the time she goes back to the flat on Pine Street, more than one tangled life has felt her strengthening influence.

From beginning to end, Miss Hurst's book is alive. Her characters, although frequently unhappy, are real, not forced! Brock, fighting both heredity and environment, demands pity; Virgie, despite her questionable past, must be respected; Mrs. Goldonsky and her friend Mr. Topel can only be termed charming.

As to style, *Family!* is readable and flowing. At times the language becomes almost coarse, but that seems to fit this type of book. *Family!* is probably not unusual enough to receive great attention, but it is not a discredit to an experienced writer.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

Mirrors of Our Times

By ANNE HANSEN

THE BEAUTIES OF spring have been extolled in song and story. This is the season which awakens in each of us a sense of newness and the urge to get up and go. For the housewife it is also the time for spring house cleaning.

As I went about my own clean-up chores, the thought came to me that it would be a salutary thing if our tired and battered old world could undergo a thorough spring housecleaning. How wonderful it would be if we could scrub away old hatreds and prejudices; if we could erase the scars left by centuries of warfare with a coat of fresh, luminous paint; and if we could rid our globe forever of termites, those small but destructive creatures which bore from within with deadly force and effectiveness! No doubt my somber thoughts were inspired in part by ominous newscasts from many parts of the earth and in part by the films I had seen in recent weeks. Each of these three films dealt with conflict; each underscored lines written long ago by Robert Burns: "Man's inhumanity to man makes hundred thousands mourn."

The Alamo (Batjac, United Artists, John Wayne) depicts a young frontier territory's struggle to resist tyranny and to win independence. The story of the brave men who died in the Alamo represents a splendid chapter in American history. Unfortunately, the film, produced in magnificent color at a cost of $12,000,000, is thoroughly disappointing. This is Hollywood make-believe, not history. It is both pretentious and preposterous. In the case of motion pictures that purport to deal with historical facts misrepresentations and inaccuracies are something more than regrettable; they are downright reprehensible and are a disservice to our nation.

Exodus (Paramount, Otto Preminger) deals with a larger struggle. Here we see the travail of an infant nation in its efforts to be born into a world torn by strife and dissension. Although the anger, the bitterness, and the bias which characterize Leon Usis' best-selling novel have been toned downed in the screen script written by Dalton Tumbro, the film attempts to absolve the Jews from all blame in the continuing clashes with the Arabs. Nevertheless, this is an eloquent and often deeply moving plea for tolerance and understanding by a people with a long and tragic history of persecution and oppression.

Photographed in technicolor and Super Panavision on Cyprus and in Israel, *Exodus* is an engrossing film in spite of faults and shortcomings. The acting is uneven. Even when it is at its best, it does not reach impressive heights of artistry. And the film fails to point up the fact that senseless violence and terroristic methods are as wrong in one people as they are in another.

We come now to the present-day crucial struggle that has had an impact on all peoples of the earth. This is the bitter struggle between the free world and the unrelenting aggression of the totalitarian states. This struggle involves issues of far greater magnitude and importance than the acquisition of new land areas, dominion over the seas, or even the exploration of space. This is a contest for the mind of man, for the power to destroy the values and the privileges that have been bought at incalculable cost, and for the opportunity to divest the individual of dignity and the right to live, to work, and to worship as a free man in a free society. This is a contest which would pervert the mind of the child and fashion that child into a blindly obedient tool of the state.

Question 7 (Louis de Rochement Associates and Lutheran Film Associates) underscores all these truths with sensitive artistry and commendable restraint. Although we witness the struggle between Christianity and the communist ideology in only one small town in East Germany, we dare not lose sight of the fact that this is a pattern which is being repeated in every town and every country where the skies are shadowed by the image of the Hammer and Sickle. The script for *Question* 7 is based on documented material. Under Stuart Rosenberg's fine direction the action moves smoothly and logically. The acting is consistently good throughout, and Michael Gwyn portrays the harassed Lutheran pastor with simple dignity. The film ends on a note of terror — and of high purpose.

What price Oscar? Apparently the bestowal of the screen's most-coveted award has become a matter of individual campaigning no less intensive than the waging of a campaign for political office. The campaign begins long before nominations are made. Surely the awards bestowed this year forcefully point up the fact that the screen has reached a new low in artistic achievements. Space limitations do not permit a closer examination of the awards. Besides, I have become more than a little weary of the reams and reams of copy written about "what's wrong with the movies." Everyone talks about it, but nobody seems to do anything to remedy existing conditions.

Congratulations to *This Is the Life,* which recently received the Freedoms Foundation Award for the sixth consecutive year!

A Minority Report

Riding With the Astronaut

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

FRIDAY – MAY 5, 1961 – this was a great day. On this day, Alan B. Shepard, Jr., our first astronaut, flew off into sub-orbital space at a rate of 4500 miles per hour or 5100 miles per hour (depending on your system of calculation) over a distance of approximately three hundred miles. At one time during the short flight, about one-quarter of an hour, he was 115 miles high and had a visual range of about eight hundred miles. This meant that he has had the widest and longest look at our Atlantic seaboard of any man in history.

For one who once upon a time considered crawling windmills and church steeples to be quite a feat, these facts in themselves, to use an already overworked phrase (can I help it that Bob Hope is still on TV?), were "out of this world."

Knowing that the Russians have become orbital and that we by contrast are sub-orbital, the excitement could not have been created in my own case by the dimensions and the scientific contexts of the capsule-flight.

I think that being able to watch almost the entire business on television is what made it so exciting. One thing is certain: I did not leave "the green-eyed monster," no matter how I sometimes detest it in other circumstances.

Just thinking about the astronaut himself made it very exciting for me – very tense and gripping.

For two years, he and his six colleagues worked hard and long, looking forward to the turn of the wheel, or more properly, to the flip of the IBM card that would put the first among them on the spot, but good. For those of us who have had experience in teaching and learning, the discipline, together with the dedication, involved in such training and preparation was in and of itself a big thrill, especially when the final decision was being held in abeyance. This was better than a poker game or the feat of hitting two grand-slam home-runs in a row.

It was pleasant to remind ourselves that some men can keep their eyes on the main event without getting caught in the side-shows of life. Over a long and tedious period of time, these men learned to master their technological equipment and knowledge and themselves as well.

But after the choice had been made and when the zero hour approached, one could not keep his eyes and his thoughts off Alan B. Shepard, Jr. In a sense, to put it mildly, he had come to the cross-roads of life at the age of 37, and with full recognition of the fact. In the space of a few expiring hours, he would be zooming off into space – either to meet his Maker or to take a swim in the drink. If the latter, if his trip succeeded, he would quickly become the center of world-wide attention.

Only time will tell which of the alternatives was the worst.

The tensions mounted in me personally. As the public affairs officer counted off, I kept wondering: Will the fool thing go up, will it explode in our faces, or what? After I saw the blast-off, I wondered whether it would veer off its angle into space, whether the rockets would work, whether he would be able to handle it manually, and whether the parachutes would work. When the reporter aboard the carrier informed viewers he was wafting his way down to the Atlantic Ocean, I kept asking myself whether "those idiots in the salad-choppers could get him out of the water."

The relief was great, and the admiration even greater, when it dawned on me that the trip was ended and the whole process had been letter-perfect.

"Boy! What a ride!" Indeed, indeed.

Now that it is over, I ask myself: what impact does this have on my life? By comparison, some of the things I am doing seem to be rather dull and prosaic. I walk. I drive a car. There certainly is not very much so extraordinary about that.

In terms of taxes, I know that I will be asked to pay more revenue to the federal government.

In terms of the social sciences? In terms of political science? Those of us who work in these fields are so far behind now, one doubts whether we can ever bring our disciplines up-to-date.

Judging from some sermons I heard on the radio Sunday, I believe some pastors will have a tough time making the Law and Gospel relevant to the new phenomenon.

To be very euphemistic, the world has opened up some.

The Pilgrim

Professor Gochring

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Heaven and Earth

STILL AT IT. . .A young man who has been cut by the acids of modernity tells me that everything I have written rests at last on the tacit and unproved assumption of the final and absolute truth of Christianity . . . "Prove that to me," he said, "and I am willing to follow you to all the conclusions you may draw from that premise. If I were sure of the absolute truth of Christianity, I would naturally be ready to apply it to all the relationships of life. In fact, it seems to me that this is the greatest weakness of the Church — you have so many people who live as though they were not quite sure. Their membership in the church seems to be a form of insurance against the outside chance that the faith they profess might possibly be true." . . .

The young man is right — and he has given me an impossible assignment . . . I am unable to demonstrate by any of the known laws of proof that Christianity is true and absolute . . . In fact, he was more than half right when he added that far too many books have been written on the so-called "evidences" of Christianity . . . At their best, these earnest and labored volumes have been able to remove a few prejudices; at their worst, they have thoroughly befogged the real issue between the Christian and the non-Christian . . . If they argued from the effect to the cause by pointing to the obvious ethical benefits of Christianity, both for society and the individual, the opposition could (and did) immediately point to a score of instances in which sections of the Church were aligned with the forces of injustice, oppression, and greed . . . If they attempted to argue from a reasonable concept of God to the Christian vision of God and tried to show that, in Christianity, He has done what we would have expected Him to do, they came invariably and inevitably upon things which we did not and could not expect God to do . . . One night many years ago I happened to be the first to come upon a drunk lying on the sidewalk . . . Evidently he had fallen only a moment before — the blood was just beginning to trickle from the spot on his forehead where he had struck the edge of the curb . . . As I watched the amused curiosity with which our world greets the sudden appearance of helplessness, the busy street became a lonely hill and there was another forehead covered with blood . . . It came from thorns . . . He fell down, too, but only because He was carrying a cross of hard, coarse, heavy wood — and somewhere on that cross were the mistakes (sins, if you please) of heredity and environment which had brought that stumble-bum to the gutter . . . To say that there is an intimate connection between the man in the gutter and the Man on the Cross is to move from the levels of logic and reason to the heights and depths of God. . . . If we believe in Christianity at all, we must believe that the man in the gutter is the reason for the Man on the Cross . . . The bond between them is close and warm and eternal . . . And don't ask us to make that reasonable . . .

Perhaps we should approach this last and highest mystery in the relation between heaven and earth more slowly and reverently . . . It is never easy to explain love, even in the horizontal relations of life . . . The love of a mother for a wayward child, the loyalty of a wife to an unfaithful husband, the devotion of unwavering friends — these have never been reduced to the laws of logic . . . Turn this mystery upward and outward so that it unites heaven and earth with the nails of a Cross, covers the dictator in his power and the drunkard in his pain, reaches the frozen wastes of the North, the sultry rainforest, the palace and the hut, the minds of the living and the hearts of the dying, includes the music of the spheres and the grief of a falling sparrow — and you have the last and highest mystery of life and living . . . To approach it as though it were another class assignment in logic is to bail the ocean out with a tincup . . .

I can not explain it . . . As soon as we attempt to turn the divine love into the narrow channel of human logic, its volume and power are lost, and what is left is not worth keeping. . . . I can not explain it . . . It explains us . . .

Fortunately, God has made it unnecessary for His people to prove the assumption on which their view of heaven and earth rests . . . This He has done by giving us a higher power — the power not to understand but to believe . . . It is more than passing strange that so many in our generation should be so blindly reluctant to see that in this power lies our only way out and our only way home . . . We are not asked to believe the unreasonable . . . We are asked only to recognize that the faith once delivered to the saints is, and necessarily must be, super-reasonable . . . Any man who takes the idea of God seriously must realize that, if God exists at all, His mind could not be our mind nor His thoughts our thoughts . . . Christianity is the mind of God . . . And so we do not pretend to understand it . . . But we can know it, love it, live it, and die on it . . .